Oxford Democrat.

No. 14, Vol. 3, New Series. Paris, Maine, Tuesday, August 8, 1843. Old Series, No. 95, Vol. 11.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

George W. Elliott,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms; the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.—A reasonable deduction will be made for *cash in advance*, and no credit will be given for a longer period than *three months*.

COMMUNICATIONS and LETTERS on business must be *Post-Paid* to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POPULAR TALES.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

A TALE OF TICONDEROGA.

In the spring of the year 1776, a troop of horsemen might be seen wending their way down that part of the Green Mountains which lies east of the head of Lake Champlain, by the rude and rugged pathway leading to the western plain.—The route lay along the side of Killington peak, which arose on the sight in lonely magnificence, to the elevation of several thousand feet above the level of the lake; on the left, less stupendous, but partaking of the same wild aspect, were piled, heap on heap, irregular ridges, and immense round-topped eminences covered with forests—The sun had not yet surmounted the eastern summits, and as they passed between the towering walls of rock, sometimes with impending cliffs, at others with the gigantic forests trees, forming an arch above their heads, their way was frequently uncheered by a single ray of light, and their course down the perilous precipice was directed only by the voice of the brawling torrent, which fretted and dashed over the successive ledges of the mountain side. Yet still they held on their way untired and unfaultering. They were generally men of robust and hardy frame, and bold, undaunted bearing. Had they been encounted on the Alps or Apenines, they might have been at first deemed banditti, proceeding to the attack of a monastery or the sack of a village: yet a closer scrutiny would have discovered in their fearless, but frank and ruddy visages, no features of the robber or assassin. In the poor and honest region they were traversing, the most romantic imagination could not for an instant place them in the degraded class of freebooters; yet there was that of the wild and picturesque about them, which, combined with the surrounding scenery, might be worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa. What then was their character?—They were not mere hunters, for, although several among them carried rifles, many were armed with weapons never used in the chase; while, in their general equipment, their order of movement, and silent acquiescence in the directions of individuals recognized as leaders, although without martial insignia, there could be observed a marked military character. Might they not be of those who combined to resist the execution of the mandates of the governor of New York, which it was well known had for their object to force the bold and industrious settlers on the Hampshire grants from their hard-earned lands and possessions?—This supposition would be strengthened by there being perceived among them more than one who had been already out-lawed, and a price set on their heads, for their resistance to those arbitrary edicts. This idea, too, appeared to be encouraged by themselves, in their brief and passing intercourse with the few inhabitants who had reared their humble cabins on the road they travelled: but not unfrequently a close and confidential whisper between the inquisitive mountaineer and an acquaintance in the troop, ended in the former's deliberately taking down his fusee, swinging his cutlass, and mounted on his best horse, proceeding with the cavalcade, leaving the better part of the house—the woman—standing at the door in motionless, and, what is more extraordinary, mute astonishment.

The troop, whatever it might be, passed on at as quick a pace as its numbers and the nature of the ground would allow, and was just entering the gorges of the mountain, when a horseman galloped past the main body from rear to front. The stranger was a youth of not more than mere manhood, and of athletic and well turned limb. Reining up gracefully, as he gained the front of the train, he doffed his hat to the leader, and slightly bent his head, rich in luxuriant curls, while his fine, intelligent features lighted up and his dark expressive eye flashed out the fire of some powerful emotion.

"And who may you be, friend?" demanded the leader, with soldier-like bluntness.

"A recruit, if you like one; a volunteer, if you accept me," the stranger answered; "one ripe and ready to go hand and hand with the foremost in your enterprize."

"And know you what that enterprize is?"

"Perfectly."

"But you are a stranger to me."

"Not so to all who go with you—but we waste time: here are my credentials."

The leader took the paper proffered by the volunteer, and glancing over it, extended his hand and welcomed it with a cordial grasp.

"Enough," said the volunteer, "if you can trust me, listen to my proposition," and he drew the officer a little in advance of the party.

In the short conference that followed, the impatient and fiery youth appeared to be urging a suit with vehemence, and the cool caution of the officer seemed at length to yield either to his argument or importunity. Hastily writing a few lines with his pencil on the paper which he still held in his hand, he returned it to the youth, who received it with animation and eagerness; then waving his farewell, as he turned his body partially around, dashed forward, and disappeared down the rugged precipice, soon leaving the troop far behind.

"I calculate," coolly observed a man of the front rank, "that yon chap doesn't own, out and out, the creature he rides, or he'd scarcely hold his neck so cheap."

"You've missed a figure, Hiram," replied his right elbow man, "by reason that his own neck's his own, any how; and I'll allow there's but the toss of a copper which goes first, her'n or his'n."

"If there's room to throw in a guess," remarked a third, "I should say that are young feller's arter a petticoat."

"And why so, friend Wagstaff," asked the leader, who had heard the dialogue. "Is not glory a mistress, with charms bright enough to attack a man of spirit?"

"But don't disremember, Captain," replied Wagstaff, "that we're men of flesh, too. Glory's a purty article, a dreadful purty article; but at the present I'd a considerable sight rather have a soft bed and a warm companion, than to go to glory over yon precipice, with a frosty rock for my resting-place."

The familiar jests of the men were not repressed by their leader, who knew they proceeded from no feeling of insubordination, but were proofs rather of buoyancy of spirits and contented minds; and while he was assured of their fidelity and devotedness to the cause in which they were engaged, he rather encouraged whatever had a tendency to enliven their march.

"It's a rough road we travel, brother," said Hiram, after a pause, "and something long."

"Short enough, if it leads to a long home," answered Wagstaff.

"For my part," observed Hiram, despondingly, "I've never had a brush with any thing better than Indians and Yorkers; you have been out among the riglars, Jotham."

"I know it," replied Jotham Wagstaff, "sartain, I've been where things didn't go so slow, I ask you—where the bullets came desperate fast, that's the gospel on't."

"You didn't dodge though, Jotham?"

"We hadn't time, Hiram. But after the blow was over, one fellow said it was ridiculous: he'd curse and quit; another made up his mind to bow his neck and make tracks, and our captain wished a many a time that his commission were in hell and he were at home: he was a Bay man, that captain."

"Massachusetts is doing good things, now, Jotham," said the leader.

"I know it," replied Wagstaff, "they peppered the red birds well at Lexington, it seems—when are we to have a spoon in the dish, Captain?—Where are we to join old Ethan?"

"Presently; at Rutland, possibly; positively at Castleton," answered the Captain.

"And fegs, there's Rutland now, full ahead," rejoined Wagstaff, as emerging from the defile, an extensive prospect spread before him. Hill and valley, field and forest, town and stream, lay in beautiful variety, basking in the first beams of the sun, which, having climed the eastern mountains, poured his rays full upon the landscape, dispersing at once in thin curls of transparent vapor, the slight fogs that had hung upon every bush and tree. The view was bounded on the west by distant mountains beyond the lakes, while the course of the Champlain could be distinctly traced as it stretched far to the north.—On an eminence a few miles in front stood the town, toward which they now bent their way.

The youthful stranger had in the mean time spurred on over rock and rivulet, and leaving Rutland on his left, entered, by a more direct path, the road leading to Castleton, so abruptly and rapidly, that he had well nigh unhorsed another cavalier who was coming up the road at a round pace. Hands were on hilts in an instant, but a single glance was sufficient for mutual recognition.

"Captain Phelps!" exclaimed the youth.

"Mark Standish!" cried Capt. Noah Phelps. "How is it I meet you here, and whither so fast, lad?"

"May I not ask the same question of you, captain?" said Standish.

"Ay, and get as satisfactory an answer. But come, I'll try points of masonry with you: who comes from Bennington?"

"Ethan and Seth," promptly answered the youth. "I would question you in turn, but I doubt you not, and there's no time to spare. The rendezvous is this night at Castleton."

"Right," said the captain, "and Ethan is pushing on like mad, in a forced march with his Green Mountain boys. Scouts are already thrown out beyond Castleton, and sentries posted on every pass, to cut off communication between the country and—the place you wot of."

A pause followed during which they looked fixedly at each other.

"Whither are you going, Mark Standish?"

"To Castleton. And you, Captain Phelps?"

"To Castleton also. Do you go farther today?"

"Perhaps—and you?"

"May be—a truce to trifling; I suspect we're on the same errand. But Mark, my boy, have you reflected? It's a ticklish business. I know you're a lad of mettle, Mark. You're of a good stock, Standish. I prophesied well of you from a boy, when you mounted the colt without saddle or bridle, whip or spur, as the hounds passed you in full cry, and brought in the brush stuck in your hat; and when a few years after they carried you in triumph through the village with the wolf home before you. You're a true blue, or rather a true green, as they'll have it here on the Hampshire grants; but zounds! lad, you're too green for this affair; leave it in my hands."

"Not while I have hands of my own," said Standish.

"Say you so, my lad, Mark? Why, then, away with you! a fig for our necks! hurra for the Congress, and set forward." And away they went at the top of their horses' speed.

A short halt at Castleton was necessary; they had ridden far and fast, and their horses and themselves must breathe and bait; some preparation and arrangement also were requisite for the safe execution of the design they had in view.

It was during their slight repast the youth related to his friend, the Connecticut captain, some of the incidents to which their meeting was owing. Mark Standish and Ellen Guilford were born and bred in or near the same village. Ellen was allowed by the men to be the prettiest, liveliest girl of the vicinage; and Mark, it was not denied by the women, was the handsomest and smartest young fellow. They were playmates in their childhood; and in proper season, which, in the Green Mountains, where early marriages are encouraged, is sufficiently soon ripened into love. The passion of the boy, taking its character from his natural temperament, was deep and intense; Ellen loved, as she did every thing else, with a vivacity and cheerfulness; Mark could not brook a rival near her, and unfortunately for him, the charms of the village maiden drew many lovers around her; it was death to Mark to see her smile on another, and, unhappily, Ellen could not, in the innocence of her heart, help smiling and laughing too, upon occasion.—Mark, at times, almost permitted himself to suspect that Ellen was something of a coquette, and Ellen but for the purity of her thoughts, might have seen that Mark was jealous. They, however, loved each other truly and dearly, and it was a bitter moment to both when they were to part, although the separation was to be but temporary. But the aunt of Ellen Guilford had come a long journey expressly to take her home with her.—She was a lone woman, having recently lost her husband; and the mother of Ellen could not refuse to a beloved sister the consolation of her niece's society for a short time. The aunt was aged, and had been left well to live, as it regarded the goods of this world, and even in the pure atmosphere of the Green Mountains, a little worldly prudence may be supposed to exist. Ellen raised no difficulty to going, for on the Hampshire grants, young ladies, however in love, in their most romantic moments, never dreamed of resisting the will or wishes of their parents. She went, therefore, and Mark, after accompanying her some distance toward her aunt's dwelling, which was seated on Lake Champlain, returned home to his employments, manfully resolving to bear her absence as he might. Several months had elapsed, and every day the young man found it less easy to repress his impatience.

The few letters Ellen found opportunity to transmit, were full of fond and frank affection.—But Mark did not fail to hear of the manner in which she was distinguished at the rustic feats of her neighborhood, and above all, that a British officer from the opposite side of the lake, was her declared admirer. Whatever it was, whether love, or jealousy, or both, which prompted him, he came at once to the determination that he could live no longer without her. Arrangements with his father were immediately brought to a conclusion, which put him in possesion of a farm of his own, and he made a last visit to the village, preparatory to setting out for the lake to claim his bride, and remove her at once from a situation which was by no means the most eligible in the present unsettled state of the country.

In the village, although it was scarcely day when he entered it, all was bustle and confusion. In the streets, at the church-door, on the tavern piazza, in the blacksmith's shop, groups of busy people had collected; even the loungers at the stores no longer hung their heels idly over the counter, but all and every one seemed engaged in earnest and interesting discourse, while animated faces looked from door and window, not through mere curiosity, but with anxiety and alarm. The meaning of all this was that intelligence of the affair of Lexington had reached them. Blood had been spilt; the blood of their fellow-men, of their citizens The charm was in a moment dissolved, that had united two hemispheres in brotherhood, the blow had been struck that was to shake, convulse and sever mighty empires. In common with their countrymen, the inhabitants of the little town of Osbrook felt in all its force the sensation such an event was calculated to inspire. Their ordinary avocations were suspended; their quarrel with a neighboring province, upon the very eve of coming to mortal arbitrament, was canceled and forgotten; new views of grandeur and sublimity opened upon them; lofty and heroic thoughts took possession of their minds; and their only language was defiance to the common enemy, their only deliberation how best to serve their country. Some ardent and stirring spirits had already cast their eyes toward the British posts on Lake Champlain, commanding as they did the approach from Canada. Wooster, Deane and Parsons, with other bold and active patriots, had even then, under the sanction of the Connecticut assembly, obtained the necessary funds, and secured the services of the renowned Ethan Allen as the leader of their enterprize of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, were actually marching by various routes, and with the greatest celerity and secrecy, for Castleton. The ardor of the young man was aroused by the information that one of those patriot bands had passed through the village not many hours before; but when he heard the additional report, that Ellen Guilford had been clandestinely taken from her protectress by a British officer, his impatience amounted to agony. Cursing his indecision and delay, he mounted his well-tried steed, and waited only to receive from his informant, who was knowing to the enterprize, a few lines necessary as an introduction or a pass, sped with the swiftness of wind after the advancing party. A chaos of thoughts whirled in his brain as he rode, amid which doubts of Ellen's faith for a moment intruded; but they were immediately driven forth with remorse for having cherished them. Yet he resolved to ascertain the truth, and this perhaps could be done only by entering the fortress. With this view, he proposed to the leader of the troop whom he overtook, as has been related, to bring information of the state of the garrison; and he was on his way to the lake for those purposes when he encountered Captain Phelps.

"So, then," said Capt. Phelps, when Standish had concluded, "I find that you're bent upon risking your neck for this girl, who, don't mistake me, may be worthy of it. But, after all, you have heard but a rumor."

"It has been confirmed to me since I entered this place," replied Standish; "she has certainly disappeared, and in a mysterious manner."

"Well, then," said the Captain, as he unlocked his ample saddle-bags, and took out various dresses, "let's e'en fix upon our disguises: here's a wardrobe fit for any spy unhung in Christendom. I had some thoughts of playing the Canadian among them, as you may see by the fawnskin jacket, red worsted cap and sagathy breeches; but I've changed my mind, so you may have the garments it you like the character."

"Not I," replied Standish.

"Then we must come Yankee over them, and I've noticed enough here to baffle a nation of such underwits."

Their arrangements were quickly made, and having finished their refection, they continued their course, passing without difficulty the sentinels posted on the avenues toward the lakes.—Having arrived at the shore near Orwell, they left their horses in the care of a confidential person, and entering a batteau, were get across this branch of Lake George; there again embarking in a skiff, which they fortunately found on the beach, they landed on the opposite shore, a little above the romantic outlet of the latter lake.

They entered the works, clad in the coarse garments common to the poorer class of settlers, and their perfect acquaintance with the habits and idioms of that region, enabled them easily to support the characters they assumed. The idle and arrogant soldiers of the garrison had never permitted themselves to believe that the natives or settlers around them, whom they had been accustomed to consider as an inferior race, could ever contemplate resistance, much less attack; and our adventurers were suffered to pass unquestioned, as two gawky Yankee traders in small notions, a little more knave than they appeared to be, and very willing, if they could, to overreach even the sutler himself. While Captain Noah Phelps scanned every thing around with a military eye, it may be naturally suspected that the anxiety of the lover mainly directed the views of Mark Standish. But his search had been as yet fruitless, and he was about to yield to utter despair, when, on rounding an angle of the works, a folded paper fell at his feet. He looked and saw a white hand for a moment wave through the loop-hole, high in the solid mass of masonry. Eagerly he snatched up the letter, happily unobserved, and retiring to a recess, with a throbbing heart read the following lines, traced in pencil by the hand of his Ellen:

"I know you, dear Mark, but guess not your design. How I tremble for your safety! For me, fear not; I shall still preserve myself for you."

The enraptured, yet indignant lover still held the letter in his hand, unconscious of danger, when suddenly a step approachnd, and a person crossed the opening in which he stood; hastily he thrust the paper into his bosom, while the intruder paused, and threw a suspicious glance toward him, which he was in no condition to meet with an air of self-possession. It was a critical moment, when the captain came in to the rescue. He perceived the exigency and met it promptly. The personage before him was no less than the barber of the garrison. Phelps immediatel engaged for a cest of his office, and while the barber was reaping the full harvest of his very fertile chin, Standish had leisure to regain his composure. The captain took all the extreme coolness, not failing to drive a hard and protracted bargain with the barber for the service he had rendered, after which he led the way in a shambling, careless gait out of the garrison.

"I told you so," said the captain, when they had got into the country; "you had like to have ruined all."

"She is here," cried Standish, "and can I, ought I—"

"Yes," replied Phelps, interrupting him, "you both can and ought to come along as fast as your legs will carry you, unless you would stay and be hanged."

There was no rebutting an argument like this and without unnecessary delay, our adventurers retraced their way to Orwell.

Captain Phelps now proceeded straight to Castleton, while Sthandish sought the late residence of his Ellen. He found the aged relative almost distracted with her loss, but unable to say how or by whose agency it was effected. She had, indeed, reason to suspect the young British officer, who, from the time he met Ellen at the village ball, had paid her uncommon attention. More than once the old lady had heard at night the sound of a flute from the lake under her window, and shrewdly suspected it to be a serenade to Ellen. But she was sure the dear girl had never given the man the least encouragement; and as to going off with him willingly, the thing was not to be thought of. Standish communicated to the good dame as much of the actual position of affairs as he deemed proper, and was rewarded by hearing related a thousand proofs of her niece's virtues, and twice that number of her affection for her dear Mark.

Night had fallen, and the troops assembled at Castleton were enjoying a short repose after the day's fatigue, when a stranger, who had been stopped as he attempted to pass the guard, was, at his peremptory demand, conducted by a sentinel to head quarters. Ethan Allen was seated at the head of a table, around which sat several other officers, when the stranger, a young man of a proud and martial deportment, his blue military cloak thrown gracefully over his shoulder, entered the room.

"Swagger and martinet!" muttered Allen, as the stranger appeared; then addressing the subject of his remark, "Well, sir, you see Ethan Allen. Quick—who? what?"

"I am not used to be interrogated in that style or tone," answered the stranger, drawing himself up haughtily.

"Ho!" roared Ethan Allen, distending the circle of his large eyes to a most ludicrous circumference, "well, sir, to amplify according to the book—who are you and what do you want?"

"Not unlikely; and in the name of the witch of Endor, who is Arnold?"

"I am known to some of your officers," said Arnold.

"I know the gentleman," observed Bladgen, "'tis Captain Arnold, of the Connecticut volunteers."

"It may be so," said Allen; "will Captain Arnold, of the Connecticut volunteers signify his pleasure?"

"By this commission you will be taught that I am now Colonel Arnold, sir; and by this," producing another paper, "that I am authorized and ordered, by the committee of safety of Massachusetts, to raise a force of four hundred men, and attack Ticonderoga."

The astonishment of Allen was fearful. "Massachusetts! colonel!" he repeated. "By the horn of Jericho! you raise men—soul of Samuel, where are they, hey?"

"You have, I thank you, raised them to my hands," replied Arnold, with his accustomary confidence. The ample chest of Allen heaved with an earthquake of passion.

"To your hands!" he cried, "yours! By the crack of God's field piece! your impudence is amusing. And who then," he added, cocking fiercely his little three cornered hat, "who then am I?"

"Captain Allen," answered the stranger, with a condescending air, "of whose services Colonel Arnold would be proud to avail himself."

"Good—better and better—excellent!" said Allen in a smothered tone. "By the Lord of hosts, there's mettle in this martinet. Hand me your papers, young man and be seated."

Arnold took a chair, while Allen hastily glanced over the papers, and then with a smile of peculiar meaning said:—

"You are appointed Colonel by a committee, whose power I shall not question. Now here's a council of war—are you not, gentlemen? whose power you must not question, sir. You appoint me, do you not, gentlemen, a Colonel also?"

"Certainly, 'tis your right," they all cried.

"Well, then, our grade is the same it seems now to rank; happening to have the power, I settle it in my own favor, which if any one dispute, I'll send his soul to hell-fire in the priming of a rifle, and this same," putting forth his gigantic arm, "shall be the beetle of mortality; ay, ay," he added, "in spite of twenty such muscle-whangers as that young man. Psha, lad alive! leave fingering the pommel of your sword; the thing is settled by authority, and as a philosopher and soldier—not doubting that you are each—you must submit. There's stuff in you fit for use, though not over malleable, and by Judas and the rest—no allusion, sir—you shall have a place and employment. Come, gentlemen, 'tis time to set forward. Is there any report from the party detached to the head of the lake?"

"This moment a messenger has arrived.—Skeensborough is taken, and Skeen himself secured," replied an officer at the door.

"Hurra!" shouted Allen, "the would be royal governor of Ticonderoga is our's—no more delay. To horse, in the name of God, and away."

"But, sir ——" said Arnold.

"Buts won't do, sir—I've said it; old Ethan whom they call the outlaw, who laughs at the lightning, outscolds thunder, and defies the devil and governor Tryon—old Allen who studied divinity in his youth, and became a soldier by passion, knows but little of the world of spirits, but he will be treated in the other world as a gentleman of his merit ought to be. Come, hurra for the Green Mountains, and forward to old Ti."

Hereupon the council broke up, Arnold yielding with a tolerable grace to an arrangement he could not better, and in a short time the whole body of troops was in a brisk motion.

It was almost day when the American force arrived, silent and unseen, on the bank of the lake opposite Ticonderoga. Their horses were secured in the neighborhood, and while some of the men were collecting the few boats scattered along the shore, the rest were dispersed in picturesque groups upon the bank. It was a scene of awful stillness. The lake reposed dark and unruffled by a single breeze: the moon was absent from the heavens, and the eye could with difficulty trace on the western horizon the dimly defined outline of the most prominent and elevated part of the fortress, now an object of such intense interest.

"Ay," said Ethan Allen, in a suppressed tone, "there she is, the brimstone of Babylon; there's old Ti, with whom I long to have a grapple as a lover with his mistress. How soundly the Jazabel sleeps on the brink of perdition; little dreaming who are about to beat up her head quarters. But it's the same to her, French, English or Yankees. To do the old girl justice, however, as [illegible] wolf hunter, has told me, who was in the frolic, when that hair-brained boy, Lord [illegible]

POETRY.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother,
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The best recollection,
Of kindness—returned!
When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps!

Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!
Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

MISCELLANY.

AN OLD STORY, BUT A GOOD ONE.

There lived lately in one of the mountain Counties in Western Virginia, many Dutchmen, and among them, one named Henry Snyder; and there were, likewise, two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwider—they were all rich and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement, but they were not of such a nature as to render him disagreeable to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe; and, while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the causes of all who offended him; and passed them off to heaven or hell, as his humor prompted—he personating both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty arose between Henry Snyder and the Fulwider's, on account of their mills; when, to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgment, and mounted his throne to try their causes. He was heard to pronounce the following judgments:—

Having prepared himself, acting as judge and yet responding for the accused, he called on George Fulwider.

"Shorge Fulwider, stand up. What hash you been doin' in dis lower world?"

"Ah! Lort, I does not know."

"Well, Shorge Fulwider, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water was low and my stones wash dull, I take a leetle too much toll."

"Well, den, Shorge Fulwider, you must go to der left, mid der goats."

"Well, Shake Fulwider, now you stand up. What you been doin' in dis low world?"

[The trial proceeded throughout precisely with the same results.]

"Now I tries *mineself*. Henry Snyder!—Henry Snyder! stand up. What has *you* been doin' in dis lower world?"

"Ah! Lort, I does not know."

"Well, Henry Snyder, hasn't you got a mill?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash."

"Well, Henry Snyder, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water was low, and mine stones wash dull, I hash taken a *leetle* too much toll?"

"But, Henry Snyder, vat did you do wid der toll?"

"Ah! Lort, I gives it to der poor."

(Pausing.) "Well, Henry Snyder, you may go to der right mid der sheep; *but 'tis a tam tight squeeze.*"

DARBY'S COURTSHIP.

"Good afternoon, 'Squire Jones."

"Good afternoon, friend Darby, come walk in."

"Well, 'Squire, how is your lovely darter, Sal, to-day, and the rest of the family?"

"Why, they're all up and about, particularly Sal, she is very hearty, has a good appetite and eats a right smart chance; and the way she smokes her old pipe is the right way, and sing—Lord man, she sings like a martingale. Oh, she is a buster!"

"Well, 'Squire, I'm glad to hear so much in praise of Sal, for I love her mightily, and means to court her, too."

"Why, that's plan, honest, and clever—I'll go and call Sal."

Sure enough he did, and she soon made her appearance.

"How are you, Sal?" says Darby.

"Oh, sorter middling. How do you feel, Mr. Darby?"

"Why, Sal, I ain't well—I'm love sick?"

"Oh, hush, you don't say so,—well, do tell me who she is?"

With that I sorter sidled up to Sal, and Sal she kinder sidled off.

Says I, "Sal, don't be so darnation skitterish, for your the gal I'm arter."

"Get out, you don't say so."

"Yes I do, and I'm in as hard earnest as ever my old dog Lion was at a coon."

That pleased her mightily, and she kinder tossed her head and looked as pround as some of your town gals do when they get in a ball room.

Says I, "Sal will you have me?"

"I reckon as how I will—you don't catch this child refusing to do that thing when she has a chance."

So off we went to the parson's and Sal and I got married, and now we live a kinder happily together as can be, only some times she bawls out to me, "Mr. Darby, don't be spittin' your tobacco juice on the fire-dogs, and stickin' your feet on the fender. May I be burnt if I can keep any thing decent for you—plegue take all the tobacco chawers, say I."

And the way she raps my toes with the tongs, when she sees my feet on the fender, is no ways common, I tell you—however, I live as happily as I can expect with a woman—that's the fact.

WHIPPING AND KINDNESS.—At a Common School Convention in Hampden County, Rev. Dr. Cooley related this anecdote. He said that many years ago, a young man went into a district to keep school, and before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told him, that there was one boy in the school, whom it would be necessary to whip every day; leading him to infer that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice would be drawn, whenever he should escape, not when he should suffer. The teacher saw the affair in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first this novel course seemed to bewilder him. He could not divine its meaning. But when the persevering kindness of the teacher begot a kindred sense of kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed. Old impulses died. A new creation of motives supplied their place. Never was there a more diligent, obedient, and successful pupil; and now, said the reverend gentleman, in concluding his narrative, that boy is the Chief Justice of a neighboring State. The relator of this story, though he modestly kept back the fact, was himself the actor. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier, who had saved the life of a fellow soldier, in battle, what honors are too great for the teacher, who has thus rescued a child *from ruin?*—*Common School Journal.*

A DIRECT YANKEE ANSWER.—The following conversation took place not long since in one of the fishing towns on the coast of New England:—

"Good morning, Uncle Obed."

"Morning, morning, 'Squire Walker."

"Have you got any eels this morning?"

"No, I hain't."

"Who was out eeling last night?"

"I don't know, n't I—a good many on us."

"Well, I wish you would tell me some one in particular—I want to get a mess of eels this morning."

"Well, let me see—there was what's-his-name, 'long with who-is't-there-in-the-boat, had what-d'ye-call-him's eel spear—they got ten or twelve dozen, and they are the only ones I know, by gosh!"

HOOSIER CONVERSATION.—"Hullo, stranger: you appear to be travelling."

"Yes, I always travel when on a journey."

"I think I have seen you some where."

"Very likely; I have often been there."

"And pray what might your name be?"

"It might be Sam Patch; but it isn't."

"Have you been long in these parts?"

"Never longer than at present:—five feet nine."

"Do you get any thing new?"

"Yes, I bought a new whet-stone this morning."

"I thought so: you are the sharpest blade I've seen on this road."

STRIKING BENEVOLENCE.—"Mrs. S——," said a little urchin, whose linen was in the same condition as that of little Dickey Doubt, "I wish you would sew up this long hole in my trowser's here. It's cold, and the boys be's a pulling out."

"My dear," replied Mrs. S——, "why don't you get your mother to do it?"

"Oh," whispered the child, "mother says she hasn't time. She is always busy at the great Dorcas Society, what sews for the Missionaries, and makes shirts for them to give to the Hindoos—the poor creatures!"

"Pray, Doctor Skruitz, what on airth is a horror-scope?" "Why, marm, you perceive that when the nocturnal hour is so far procrastinated by a superabundant application of the oleagineous, acidulous, piperine, mustardafic, oviparious components of a crustaceo-piscatory salad and its vinous and alcholic accidents, an undue expansion of the stomachic integuments ensues, which, in the progress of its constipating influences, stigmatizes the celebral functions, confuses the nervo-optic system, and gives a *scope to the horrors.*" "Lah!"

IRISH DENIAL.—An Irish lad applied to a man for work, and being asked if he was not Irish, denied that he was. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irish boy," said the gentleman who was about to hire him; "but this I'll swear to, that you were born in Ireland." "Och! your honor, if that's all," said the boy, "small blame to that; suppose I had been born in a *stable*, would I have been a *horse?*"

"A little animation, my dear," whispered Lady B—— to the gentle Susan who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph, "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love, but I was not aware who your partner was."

MONEY MAKING.—"Is this good money?" said a man to a suspicious looking wag, who had made some small purchase of him. "It ought to be good, for I made it myself," was the reply. With that he took the man up for forgery—but the man in defence proved that he made the money, by fiddling.

The advice of a great man is to be considered a prediction.

PRETTY GOOD.—"I say, Monsieur Cobbler, can you apply an impervious remnant from the dermoid exterior of the feminine quadruped, over the slight embrasure in my dilapidated *understanding*, with such rhinoplastic accuracy, as to debar the excessive permeability of this sudden deliquescency?"

"Guess you've got into the wrong shop, sir," exclaimed the dumfounded resuscitator of *soles*, "May be your are a little *out*. The Insane Asylum is half a mile to the north, sir."

"No harm, friend—I merely asked if you could patch this hole in my boot, so as to keep out the splosh."

"Why, sartin, sir, and that a little the neatest. Thought you must have *sprung a-leak* some where."—*Asylum Journal.*

"What are you muttering there about?" asked a tender hearted father to a son he had just spoken harshly to. "O, let him alone," said the mother, "his eyes are full of heart *rains*, (poetic women,) and his soul is *clouded* with grief." "It is, eh?" queried the husband, "his muttering there is a sort of mental *thunder*, I suppose." "Yes," sobbed the wife. "Well," was the reply, "we must expect *electricity*, so I will apply the *lightning* rod." Thus saying, he took a trim piece of birch and whaled him in a warm style.

PRECOCITY PRODUCED BY EDUCATION.—We believe the following belongs to John Neal:—"The hot-house system of education is doing wonders for the youth of our land. The boy kicks off his diaper and frock, and jumps into calf-shin boots and a long tail coat. He changes the nipple for a cigar, and the sugar teat for a quid of tobacco. The girl is either a baby or a lady. She makes one jump from her nurse's arms into her husband's and of course is finished."

EPIGRAM.

Tom, eating rotten cheese one day,
Said, "I, like Samson, thousands slay;"
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
And with the *self-same weapon* too."

Assignee's Sale.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

WILL be sold, by virtue of an Order of the United States District Court for the District of Maine, on Tuesday, the first day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Post Office in Paris, to wit, on Paris Hill, in the County of Oxford, at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

—The right in equity of redemption which Samuel H. Houghton has in and to three and one half acres of land and the buildings thereon situated at Washburn's Mills in said Paris, now occupied by said Houghton—subject to mortgages to America Bisbee for about $550, and to Gilmatt Tuell for about $155—a particular statement of which will be exhibited at the sale.

The right to redeem, single sleigh and harness, Robe, Fowling piece, Time piece, and ten tons of Hay, pledged to Phinehas Stearns for about $26—one cow which, with said property pledged to Phinehas Stearns, is pledged to Nathaniel Knight to secure about $60.

The right to redeem a large lot of Pine Logs & Boards at Houghton's Mill in Woodstock, one Cart and a two years old Colt, the whole mortgaged to Alexander Day for $175. The Logs and Boards being subject to a further mortgage to Robinson Parlin for about $209.

Sundry Notes, Accounts and evidences of debt, a particular list of which may be seen at the subscriber's Office,

—ALSO—

The property of Benjamin Peterson, viz:—The right in equity of redeeming the farm in said Paris on which said Peterson now lives, containing about seventy-five acres, being parts of double Lot No. 19—20, Range 4th, subject to a mortgage to Benjamin C. Cummings, a particular statement of which will be made at the sale, and reference may also be had to said Cummings.

The right in equity of redeeming one undivided half of Lot 14, Range 8th, in the North part of the town of Greenwood, subject to mortgage to Thomas Crocker, for the purchase money, $200.

The right to redeem one Cow and one Yoke of Oxen mortgaged to Benjamin C. Cummings.

The right to redeem one yoke of two years old Steers and one two years old heifer mortgaged to Hannah Peterson—one harness—single sleigh—yoke and bows—six old wagon wheels and two old wagon bodies—one wooden clock—sundry demands due said Peterson.

Also, all other other property of said Houghton and Peterson which said Assignee has a right to sell although not particularly named.

Further particulars made known at the sale.

Terms—Cash on delivery.

LEVI WHITMAN, Assignee.

July 14th, 1843. 3w11

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, Levi Stearns Jr. & Judith B. Stearns, wife of said Levi, of Lovell in the County of Oxford, on the first day of December, eighteen hundred and forty-one, by their Mortgage Deed of that date, conveyed to the Trustees of the first Universalist Society of the town of Fryeburg, one half of a certain Lot of land situate in said Lovell, being the northerly half of the lower Cutts Lot, so called; for a more particular description thereof reference may be had to the District Registry at said Fryeburg, Book 21, Pages 445 & 446. And whereas the condition of said mortgage is broken, we give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

SIMEON CHARLES,
SAMUEL WALKER,
NOYES FARINGTON,
JOSEPH STEVENS,
DEAN WALKER,
} Trustees of said Society.

By D. HAMMONS, their Att'y.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, John Stockbridge, of Byton in the County of Oxford, Esquire, on the sixth day of October, A. D. 1842, by his Mortgage Deed of that date, conveyed to me a certain peice or parcel of land situated in Byron, aforesaid, being the Southerly half of Lot number 8, in the 8th Range, containing fifty acres more or less; for more particular description reference may be had to the Oxford Records, Book 65, Page 283—And, whereas, the condition of said mortgage has been broken, I give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided. ISAAC RANDALL.

Dixfield, July 12, 1843. ar3w11

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution, (the same having been attached on the original writ,) and will be sold at public Vendue, at the Inn of Abel Houghton in Waterford in said County, on Saturday the 26th day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M.—All the right which Lewis Jewell, of said Waterford, has in equity to redeem his "Homestead in said Waterford consisting of about 30 acres of land, with the Saw Mill, Shingle Machine or Mills, all the Water Power or Privilege, and the dwelling House and other buildings thereon situate and thereto appertaining."

Said premises were mortgaged to Isaac Smith Nov. 18th, 1840, to secure the payment of $366,55 with interest from Oct. 19, 1840.

JOHN C. GERRY, Deputy Sheriff.

Waterford, July 13, 1843. 3w11

$10,000 REWARD

Will be paid to any Physician who will produce a better Compound for Family use than the

GENUINE DUTCH OR GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

STYLED

THE LION OF THE DAY,

TO the inhabitants of the United States and the Canadas—The Pills, well called the Lion of the Day, are respectfully recommended to the attention and trial of all those subject to the attacks of *Bilious, Dyspeptic,* and other Chronic diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. These Pills have long been without a successful rival in Germany, and throughout Europe, and many years in various parts of the United States, by the most eminent Physicians, as a Family Medicine.

This Pill is composed of extracts from nine parts of the Vegetable kingdom. They are warranted safe in their operation and effects. They are simple in their preparation, mild in their effects, and unrivalled in their results. They have long received the most flattering recommendation from the Medical Faculty; such men as Dr. Mott, and Dr Guernsey, of N. York; Dr Delamater, Dr Horrack, and Dr Landon, of Dutchess county; and Hon. B. Peck, M. D., of Glen Falls—these men have long stood at the head of their profession.

Against gastic irritation debilitates the digestive organs and becomes a fruitful source of disease: in some people *Dyspepsia,* in others, *Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Hypochondria, Asthma, Gout, Piles, Epilepsy, Low Spirits, Chronic Diarrhœa, Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Eruption of the Skin, Salt Rheum, St. Anthony's Fire, Yellow and Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Heartburn, Costiveness, Female Weakness, Jaundice, Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Humors, and all Bilious complaints.* These different complaints are each one and about the same, followed by a train of others, equally as detrimental, and perhaps fatal to human life. Like bad legislation, one bad law must be supported by others equally as injurious to the prosperity of the State. A perfectly healthy body is like a well tuned instrument, every string of which vibrates in unison, and the least injury to any one throws it into disorder.

These Pills are not intended as a thorough purgative, as some will have it; they are intended to strengthen the system that has run down, and regulate the whole human structure, and remove all obstruction and assist nature in its violated laws.

For sale in almost every town in the United States and the Canadas. Price 25 cts. Directions on each box.

Be sure when you purchase that you get the Lion of the Day, having the written name of Merrill Griffin on each box.

For full particulars, see small circulars deposited with each agent below mentioned.

AGENTS IN OXFORD COUNTY.

South Waterford, A. Houghton.
Lovell, Weeks & Kimball, and J. Walker.
Fryeburg, H. C. Boswell.
Brownfield, N. C. Rice.
Hiram, S. Flye.
Woodstock, J. Bicknell.
North Paris, Houghton & Bisbee.
South Paris, O. H. Paine.
Norway, W. E. Goodnow.
Oxford, Wm. F. Welch.
Canton Point, J. Hearsey.
Canton Mills, A. Barrows.
Dixfield, C. L. Eustis.
Mexico, J. M. Dolloff.
East Rumford, A. Bolster.
Rumford, A. K. Knapp, O. C. Bolster.
East Bethel, E. M. Carter, & Co.
Hartford, W. Hall.
Jacksonville, C. Howe.
Porter, E. Blose, Jr.
Sweden, B. Nevers.
And for sale in this place by Hubbard & Marble.

1y20 C. C. CORLISS, Travelling Agent.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, CONSUMPTION, WHOOPING COUGH, and all Pulmonary Affections and Diseases of the Lungs, this is believed to be the most efficacious Medicine ever known in America, for proof of which we would refer to those who have used it, and to the numerous certificates of Physicians and others attached to the inside wrapper of each bottle.

Dr. Amory Hunting of Franklin, Mass. writes that after having prescribed the usual remedies without relief, and having consulted with several eminent physicians, he has found the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam to have had the desired effect, and recommended it as a safe, convenient and efficacious remedy.

Dr. Thomas Brown, of Concord, N. H., writes that to his knowledge, it has never disappointed the reasonable expectations of those who have used it.

The public are particularly cautioned against the many *Counterfeits* or *Imitations* which have partially or wholly assumed the name of the genuine article.

☞ Be assured that it is not genuine unless one or both of the written signatures of SAMPSON REED or WM. JON'N CUTLER, are found attached to a yellow label on a blue envelope. (All labels of and after the date of Dec. 1839, will have the written signature of Wm. Jon'n Cutler.) Prepared by REED, WING & CUTLER, (late Law & Reed,) wholesale Druggists, 54 Chatham Street, Boston; and sold by Druggists, Apothecaries and country merchants generally.

Price 50 cents.

PARIS, THOMAS CROCKER, Agent. eply19

DR. J. D. BUZZELL'S

CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES,

CONSISTING OF

Vegetable Billious Bitters,
Vegetable Billious Pills,
Jaundice Mixture,
Hemorrhoidal, or Pile Powders,
Compound Strengthening Plaster,
Ointment for the cure of Cautaneous Eruptions, and Cough Mixture.

THESE Medicines are purely Vegetable, and extensively used in various parts of the United States, the British Provinces and the West Indies.

They are particularly intended for the removal of Chronic diseases, such as habitual or periodical head ache, Catarrh, Consumption of the lungs—various affections of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, urinary vessels, glands, &c. Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, and some of the preparations, viz: the Billious Bitters, Pills, Jaundice Mixture, and anti-acid preparations—when generally used will operate by opening obstructions, removing all morbid and offensive matter from the stomach and bowels, which he has reason to think is always their effect in all cases within the control of medicine. They operate as preventives in various Epidemical diseases, such as Intermittent, Inflamatory, Billious and common Typus fevers, Inflamations of the Lungs, Bowels, Pleura, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhea, &c. Also, as preventives to some contagious diseases, such as the Yellow, Scarlet and Putrid fevers, and although there are some contagious diseases which they are not capable, such as small pox, measles, hooping cough, &c., yet he, from many years experience, has become confident, that all who contract any of those diseases, while under the influence of these medicines, taken in a dose as to keep up and maintain a healthy action in the secretory and excretory vessels of the digestive organs, are but slightly effected, and are easily managed, whereas, on the contrary, doubtless in many cases, they would prove not only distressing, but uncontrolable and dangerous.

For a more full and particular description of disease, and the medicine to be applied, I beg leave to refer you to my circular in pamphlet form, which may be found wherever the medicines are for sale, and to the remarks accompanying them.

Agents—Oxford County.

HUBBARD & MARBLE, Paris Hill; A. Briggs, North Paris; J. Crockett, Norway Village; J. Wilson, Oxford;—Wm. Walker, Peru; Brock & Co., C. P. Bridgham, Buckfield; Wm. B. Bray, S. B. Holt, N. Turner; J. M. Deshon, Canton; J. Bicknell, Woodstock; Bretton & Washburn, Livermore; J. H. Wardwell, J. Graham, Rumford; C. S. Chase, Dixfield; J. M. Dolloff, Mexico; L. S. Bumpass, Hebron; J. Parsons, C. H. Crafts, Minot; C. S. Packard, Auburn; C. Howe, Sumner.—[April 11, 1843. epoy49

WRIGHT'S
INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Of the North American College of Health.

NATURAL PRINCIPLES. It is written in the book of nature and common sense, that the natural vegetable productions of every country are, if properly applied, amply sufficient for the cure of every malady incident to that climate.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGEAABLE PILLS

are composed of plants which grow spontaneously on our own soil and are therefore better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign drugs, however well they may be compounded; and as they are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth subject to

ONLY ONE DISEASE,

viz: corrupt humors, or in other words, impurity, and cure every form of this one disease, on natural principles, that is, by Cleansing and Purifying the Body, it must be plain to every reflecting mind that a perseverence in the use of the medicine, according to directions, will be absolutely certain to drive every malady from the body.

When we wish to restore a swamp or morass to fertility, do we not drain it of its superabundant water? In like manner, if we would restore the body to health, we must cleanse it of impurity.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will be found a delightful medicine for carrying out this grand purifying principle, because they expell all morbid and corrupt humors, the cause of disease, in an easy and natural manner, and while they every day,,

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

disease of every name is rapidly driven from the body.

Beware of Counterfeits!

The patrons of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are cautioned against being deceived by medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, manufactured by one A. L. NOCROSS, who is travelling about the county, endeavoring by every artifice to palm off his worthless trash for the genuine.

It should be remembered that all genuine medicine has the title expressed in full on the sides of the boxes thus:—

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
(INDIAN PURGATIVE)
Of the North American College of Health.

And that all Travelling Agents are provided with a certificate of Agency, signed by *William Wright,* Vice President of the N. A. Coll. of Health. All travellers, therefore, who offer Indian Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate of Agency as above described, will be known as wicked imposters.

Purchasers will further remember that the counterfeiters in the hope of evading the law, have omitted the name of 'Wright' and substituted some other words in its place, the medicine must have the words

"*WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,*"

on the sides of the boxes; and that all with the above omissions are positively spurious.

And also round the borders of the label will be found in small type "Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by William Wright, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania."

It will further be observed that the printed directions for using the medicine, which accompanies each box, are also entered according to Act of Congress; and the same form will be found at the bottom of the first page.

The public will also remember that all who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills, are provided with a certificate of Agency, signed by

WILLIAM WRIGHT, VICE PRESIDENT
Of the North American College of Health.

Thus it will be seen, that trifling attention on the part of the purchaser to the above particulars, will put an effectual stop to this wholesale robbery, and drive, it is hoped, all depredators upon society to an honest calling.

The following highly respectable persons have been appointed agents for the sale of the above invaluble medicine.

AGENTS.

Oxford County.

Andover, Lewis Crockett.
Albany, Jacob H. Lovejoy.
Bethel, Ira C. Kimball.
Bethel E., Elias M. Carter & Co.
Brownfield, Daniel Tyler.
Buckfield, E. & L. Atwood.
Canton Mills, J. M. Deshon.
Canton, Holland & Austin.
Dixfield, Chase & Eustis.
Dixfield E., H. J. Dakin.
Fryeburg, H. C. Boswell.
Fryeburg N. D. W. O'Brion & Co.
Greenwood, Joseph Stevens.
Hartford, Winslow Hall.
Hiram, Alpheus Spring.
Livermore, Strickland & Morrison.
Livermore N. J. Coolidge.
Livermore(Haine's Corner) Samuel R. Nelson.
Lovell, James Walker.
Mexico, James L. Dolloff.
Norway, Wm. E. Goodnow.
Norway N. Jonathan Swift.
Oxford, Charles Durell.
Paris, Thomas Crocker.
Paris N. Alanson Briggs.
Paris S. O. H. Paine.
Porter, John Higgins.
Rumford Point, J. H. Wardwell
Rumford Centre, J. Graham.
Rumford Falls, A. Bolster.
Sumner, Jeremiah Howe.
Sumner N. L. & R. Crocker.
Turner, J. Blake & Son.
Turner Centre, Mitchell & Bradford.

Price 25 cents per box with full directions.

☞ All letters relative to the Pills must be addressed thus—*N. E. Office N. A. College of Health,* 198 Tremont St. Boston, Mass."

Principal Office, and General Depot, 169, Race st. Philadelphia, Pa.

N. B. Purchasers must be particular and ask for *Wright's* Indian Vegetable Pills.

Remember THOMAS CROCKER is the only authorized Agent for this Village. epoly18

Astonishing News!

"*THE TIME MAY COME WHEN CONSUMPTION WILL BE CLASSED WITH THE CURABLE DISEASES.*"—[R. BUTE, M. D., 1432.

THE subscriber announces the gratifying intelligence that he has received from England a large supply of

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE!

The only Compound known to the Medical Faculty which will effect a SPEEDY AND PERMANENT CURE OF THAT DREADFUL MALADY

CONSUMPTION,

AND ALL DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND LUNGS.

Such as Colds, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Irritation and Soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General Debility, Asthma, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c.

For the last five years the HUNGARIAN BALSAM has been in extensive use in Great Britain, and throughout the Continent of Europe, where it has completely astounded the Medical Faculty, by its unparalleled success in the cure of

THE MOST HOPELESS CASES

of Consumption ever brought under their notice. In England it has cured thousands upon thousands—of all classes—in cases of the most dangerously Consumptive character—and the English papers are full of extravagant eulogiums upon it, and upon its distinguished author. In the Hospitals of Paris all other remedies have been thrown aside by order of the medical overseers.

The great merit of Dr. Buchan's Balsam is this—in all cases of Pulmonary complaints it gives IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

A single bottle will reveal its astonishing virtues, and open at once the fountain of health and strength to the afflicted.

TRY IT—TRY IT to-day—to-morrow is uncertain, and in case of life and death should never be appealed to.

IT IS THE ONLY MEDICINE KNOWN WHICH CAN CERTAINLY CURE

CONSUMPTION.

☞ The subscriber has been appointed by Dr. Buchan Sole Agent for the United States.

Price of the Balsam, only $1 per bottle, with full directions Dissertation on Consumption, Notices and Certificates of Remarkable Cures, &c.

DAVID F. BRADLEE,
Sole Agent for the United States.
62 COURT STREET 62
OPPOSITE THE HEAD OF BRATTDE STREET.

For sale at the Oxford Bookstore by

WM. E. GOODNOW,
Agent for the County of Oxford.

Merchants and others in want of any of the above, can be supplied as aforesaid.

Dec 26, 1842. 3m7

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by

T. H. BROWN, Paris Hill.

Price.—Filling with Gold, from	50 cts to	$1,00.
do Tin Foil,	25	50.
Cleaning set of Teeth,	50	1,00.
Setting Pivot Teeth,	$1,00	1,50, &2,00

Work warranted.—March 28. tf 47

COLLECTOR'S DEEDS,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Oxford Democrat.

No. 14, Vol. 3, New Series. Paris, Maine, Tuesday, August 8, 1843. Old Series, No. 95, Vol. 11.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
George W. Millett,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms; the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.—A reasonable deduction will be made for *cash in advance*, and no credit will be given for a longer period than *three months*.
COMMUNICATIONS and LETTERS on business must be *Post-Paid* to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing
Executed with neatness and despatch.

POPULAR TALES.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

A TALE OF TICONDEROGA.

In the spring of the year 1776, a troop of horsemen might be seen wending their way down that part of the Green Mountains which lies east of the head of Lake Champlain, by the rude and rugged pathway leading to the western plain.—The route lay along the side of Killington peak, which arose on the sight in lonely magnificence, to the elevation of several thousand feet above the level of the lake; on the left, less stupendous, but partaking of the same wild aspect, were piled, heap on heap, irregular ridges, and immense round-topped eminences covered with forests—The sun had not yet surmounted the eastern summits, and as they passed between the towering walls of rock, sometimes with impending cliffs, at others with the gigantic forests trees, forming an arch above their heads, their way was frequently uncheered by a single ray of light, and their course down the perilous precipice was directed only by the voice of the brawling torrent, which fretted and dashed over the successive ledges of the mountain side. Yet still they held on their way untired and unfaultering. They were generally men of robust and hardy frame, and bold, undaunted bearing. Had they been encounted on the Alps or Apenines, they might have been at first deemed banditti, proceeding to the attack of a monastery or the sack of a village; yet a closer scrutiny would have discovered in their fearless, but frank and ruddy visages, no features of the robber or assassin. In the poor and honest region they were traversing, the most romantic imagination could not for an instant place them in the degraded class of freebooters; yet there was that of the wild and picturesque about them, which, combined with the surrounding scenery, might be worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa. What then was their character?—They were not mere hunters, for, although several among them carried rifles, many were armed with weapons never used in the chase; while, in their general equipment, their order of movement, and silent acquiescence in the directions of individuals recognized as leaders, although without martial insignia, there could be observed a marked military character. Might they not be of those who combined to resist the execution of the mandates of the governor of New York, which it was well known had for their object to force the bold and industrious settlers on the Hampshire grants from their hard-earned lands and possessions?—This supposition would be strengthened by there being perceived among them more than one who had been already out-lawed, and a price set on their heads, for their resistance to those arbitrary edicts. This idea, too, appeared to be encouraged by themselves, in their brief and passing intercourse with the few inhabitants who had reared their humble cabins on the road they travelled: but not unfrequently a close and confidential whisper between the inquisitive mountaineer and an acquaintance in the troop, ended in the former's deliberately taking down his fusee, swinging his cutlass, and mounted on his best horse, proceeding with the cavalcade, leaving the better part of the house—the woman—standing at the door in motionless, and, what is more extraordinary, mute astonishment.

The troop, whatever it might be, passed on at as quick a pace as its numbers and the nature of the ground would allow, and was just entering the gorges of the mountain, when a horseman galloped past the main body from rear to front. The stranger was a youth of not more than mere manhood, and of athelete and well turned limb. Reining up gracefully, as he gained the front of the train, he doffed his hat to the leader, and slightly bent his head, rich in luxuriant curls, while his fine, intelligent features lighted up and his dark expressive eye flashed out the fire of some powerful emotion.

"And who may you be, friend?" demanded the leader, with soldier-like bluntness.

"A recruit, if you like one; a volunteer, if you accept me," the stranger answered; "one ripe and ready to go hand and hand with the foremost in your enterprize."

"And know you what that enterprize is?"

"Perfectly."

"But you are a stranger to me."

"Not so to all who go with you—but we waste time: here are my credentials."

The leader took the paper proffered by the volunteer, and glancing over it, extended his hand and welcomed it with a cordial grasp.

"Enough," said the volunteer, "if you can trust me, listen to my proposition," and he drew the officer a little in advance of the party.

In the short conference that followed, the impatient and fiery youth appeared to be urging a suit with vehemence, and the cool caution of the officer seemed at length to yield either to his argument or impetuosity. Hastily writing a few lines with his pencil on the paper which he still held in his hand, he returned it to the youth, who received it with animation and eagerness; then waving his farewell, as he turned his body partially around, dashed forward, and disappeared down the rugged precipice, soon leaving the troop far behind.

"I calculate," coolly observed a man of the front rank, "that yon chap doesn't own, out and out, the creature he rides, or he'd scarcely hold his neck so cheap."

"You've missed a figure, Hiram," replied his right elbow man, "by reason that his own neck's his own, any how; and I'll allow there's but the toss of a copper which goes first, her'n or his'n."

"If there's room to throw in a guess," remarked a third, "I should say that are young feller's arter a petticoat."

"And why so, friend Wagstaff," asked the leader, who had heard the dialogue. "Is not glory a mistress, with charms bright enough to attack a man of spirit?"

"But don't disremember, Captain," replied Wagstaff, "that we're men of flesh, too. Glory's a purty article, a dreadful purty article; but at the present I'd a considerable sight rather have a soft bed and a warm companion, than to go to glory over yon precipice, with a frosty rock for my resting-place."

The familiar jests of the men were not repressed by their leader, who knew they proceeded from no feeling of insubordination, but were proofs rather of buoyancy of spirits and contented minds; and while he was assured of their fidelity and devotedness to the cause in which they were engaged, he rather encouraged whatever had a tendency to enliven their march.

"It's a rough road we travel, brother," said Hiram, after a pause, "and something long."

"Short enough, if it leads to a long home," answered Wagstaff.

"For my part," observed Hiram, despondingly, "I've never had a brush with any thing better than Indians and Yorkers; you have been out among the riglars, Jotham."

"I know it," replied Jotham Wagstaff, "sartain, I've been where things didn't go so slow, I ask you—where the bullets came desperate fast, that's the gospel on't."

"You didn't dodge though, Jotham?"

"We hadn't time, Hiram. But after the blow was over, one fellow said it was ridiculous: he'd curse and quit; another made up his mind to bow his neck and make tracks, and our captain wished a many a time that his commission were in hell and he were at home: he was a Bay man, that captain."

"Massachusetts is doing good things, now, Jotham," said the leader.

"I know it," replied Wagstaff, "they peppered the red birds well at Lexington, it seems—when are we to have a spoon in the dish, Captain?—Where are we to join old Ethan?"

"Presently; at Rutland, possibly; positively at Castleton," answered the Captain.

"And fegs, there's Rutland now, full ahead," rejoined Wagstaff, as emerging from the defile, an extensive prospect spread before him. Hill and valley, field and forest, town and stream, lay in beautiful variety, basking in the first beams of the sun, which, having climed the eastern mountains, poured his rays full upon the landscape, dispersing at once in thin curls of transparent vapor, the night [illegible] upon every bush and tree. The view was bounded on the west by distant mountains beyond the lakes, while the course of the Champlain could be distinctly traced as it stretched far to the north.—On an eminence a few miles in front stood the town, toward which they now bent their way.

The youthful stranger had in the mean time spurred on over rock and rivulet, and leaving Rutland on his left, entered, by a more direct path, the road leading to Castleton, so abruptly and rapidly, that he had well nigh unhorsed another cavalier who was coming up the road at a round pace. Hands were on hilts in an instant, but a single glance was sufficient for mutual recognition.

"Captain Phelps!" exclaimed the youth.

"Mark Standish!" cried Capt. Noah Phelps. "How is it I meet you here, and whither so fast, lad?"

"May I not ask the same question of you, captain?" said Standish.

"Ay, and get as satisfactory an answer. But come, I'll try points of masonry with you: who comes from Bennington?"

"Ethan and Seth," promptly answered the youth. "I would question you in turn, but I doubt you not, and there's no time to spare. The rendezvous is this night at Castleton."

"Right," said the captain, "and Ethan is pushing on like mad, in a forced march with his Green Mountain boys. Scouts are already thrown out beyond Castleton, and sentries posted on every pass, to cut off communication between the country and—the place you wot of."

A pause followed during which they looked fixedly at each other.

"Whither are you going, Mark Standish?"

"To Castleton. And you, Captain Phelps?"

"To Castleton also. Do you go farther today?"

"Perhaps—and you?"

"May be—a truce to trifling; I suspect we're on the same errand. But Mark, my boy, have you reflected? It's a ticklish business. I know you're a lad of mettle, Mark. You're of a good stock, Standish. I prophesied well of you from a boy, when you mounted the colt without saddle or bridle, whip or spur, as the hounds passed you in full cry, and brought in the brush stuck in your hat; and when a few years after they carried you in triumph through the village with the wolf home before you. You're a true blue, or rather a true green, as they'll have it here on the Hampshire grants; but zounds! lad, you're too green for this affair; leave it in my hands."

"Not while I have hands of my own," said Standish.

"Say you so, my lad, Mark? Why, then, away with you! a fig for our necks! hurra for the Congress, and set forward." And away they went at the top of their horses' speed.

A short halt at Castleton was necessary; they had ridden far and fast, and their horses and themselves must breathe and bait; some preparation and arrangement also were requisite for the safe execution of the design they had in view.

It was during their slight repast the youth related to his friend, the Connecticut captain, some of the incidents to which their meeting was owing. Mark Standish and Ellen Guilford were born and bred in or near the same village. Ellen was allowed by the men to be the prettiest, liveliest girl of the vicinage; and Mark, it was not denied by the women, was the handsomest and smartest young fellow. They were playmates in their childhood; and in proper season [illegible] which, in the Green Mountains, where early marriages are encouraged, is sufficiently soon ripened into love. The passion of the boy, taking its character from his natural temperament, was deep and intense; Ellen loved, as she did every thing else, with a vivacity and cheerfulness; Mark could not brook a rival near her, and unfortunately for him, the charms of the village maiden drew many lovers around her; it was death to Mark to see her smile on another, and, unhappily, Ellen could not, in the innocence of her heart, help smiling and laughing too, upon occasion.—Mark, at times, almost permitted himself to suspect that Ellen was something of a coquette, and Ellen but for the purity of her thoughts, might have seen that Mark was jealous. They, however, loved each other truly and dearly, and it was a bitter moment to both when they were to part, although the separation was to be but temporary. But the aunt of Ellen Guilford had come a long journey expressly to take her home with her.—She was a lone woman, having recently lost her husband; and the mother of Ellen could not refuse to a beloved sister the consolation of her niece's society for a short time. The aunt was aged, and had been left well to live, as it regarded the goods of this world, and even in the pure atmosphere of the Green Mountains, a little worldly prudence may be supposed to exist. Ellen raised no difficulty to going, for on the Hampshire grants, young ladies, however in love, in their most romantic moments, never dreamed of resisting the will or wishes of their parents. She went, therefore, and Mark, after accompanying her some distance toward her aunt's dwelling, which was seated on Lake Champlain, returned home to his employments, manfully resolving to bear her absence as he might. Several months had elapsed, and every day the young man found it less easy to repress his impatience.

The few letters Ellen found opportunity to transmit, were full of fond and frank affection.—But Mark did not fail to hear of the manner in which she was distinguished at the rustic feats of her neighborhood, and above all, that a British officer from the opposite side of the lake, was her declared admirer. Whatever it was, whether love, or jealousy, or both, which prompted him, he came at once to the determination that he could live no longer without her. Arrangements with his father were immediately brought to a conclusion, which put him in possesion of a farm of his own, and he made a last visit to the village, preparatory to setting out for the lake to claim his bride, and remove her at once from a situation which was by no means the most eligible in the present unsettled state of the country.

In the village, although it was scarcely day when he entered it, all was bustle and confusion. In the streets, at the church-door, on the tavern piazza, in the blacksmith's shop, groups of busy people had collected; even the loungers at the stores no longer hung their heels idly over the counter, but all and every one seemed engaged in earnest and interesting discourse, while animated faces looked from door and window, not through mere curiosity, but with anxiety and alarm. The meaning of all this was that intelligence of the affair of Lexington had reached them. Blood had been spilt; the blood of their fellow-men, of their citizens The charm was in a moment dissolved, that had united two hemispheres in brotherhood, the blow had been struck that was to shake, convulse and sever mighty empires. In common with their countrymen, the inhabitants of the little town of Osbrook felt in all its force the sensation such an event was calculated to inspire. Their ordinary avocations were suspended; their quarrel with a neighboring province, upon the very eve of coming to mortal arbitrament, was canceled and forgotten; new views of grandeur and sublimity opened upon them; lofty and heroic thoughts took possession of their minds; and their only language was defiance to the common enemy, their only deliberation how best to serve their country. Some ardent and stirring spirits had already cast their eyes toward the British posts on Lake Champlain, commanding as they did the approach from Canada. Wooster, Deane and Parsons, with other bold and active patriots, had even then, under the sanction of the Connecticut assembly, obtained the necessary funds, and secured the services of the renowned Ethan Allen as the leader of their enterprize of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, were actually marching by various routes, and with the greatest celerity and secrecy, for Castleton. The ardor of the young man was aroused by the information that one of those patriot bands had passed through the village not many hours before; but when he heard the additional report, that Ellen Guilford had been clandestinely taken from her protectress by a British officer, his impatience amounted to agony. Cursing his indecision and delay, he mounted his well-tried steed, and waited only to receive from his informant, who was knowing to the enterprize, a few lines necessary as an introduction or a pass, sped with the swiftness of wind after the advancing party. A chaos of thoughts whirled in his brain as he rode, amid which doubts of Ellen's faith for a moment intruded; but they were immediately driven forth with remorse for having cherished them. Yet he resolved to ascertain the truth, and this perhaps could be done only by entering the fortress. With this view, he proposed to the leader of the troop whom he overtook, as has been related, to bring information of the state of the garrison; and he was on his way to the lake for those purposes when he encountered Captain Phelps.

"So, then," said Capt. Phelps, when Standish had concluded, "I find that you're bent upon risking your neck for this girl, who, don't mistake me, may be worthy of it. But, after all, you have heard but a rumor."

"It has been confirmed to me since I entered this place," replied Standish; "she has certainly disappeared, and in a mysterious manner."

"Well, then," said the Captain, as he unlocked his ample saddle-bags, and took out various dresses, "let's e'en fix upon our disguises: here's a wardrobe fit for any spy unhung in Christendom. I had some thoughts of playing the Canadian among them, as you may see by the fawnskin jacket, red worsted cap and gagathy breeches; but I've changed my mind, so you may have the garments if you like the character."

"Not I," replied Standish.

"Then we must come Yankee over them, and I've noticed enough here to baffle a nation of such underwits."

Their arrangements were quickly made, and having finished their refection, they continued their course, passing without difficulty the sentinels posted on the avenues toward the lakes.—Having arrived at the shore near Orwell, they left their horses in the care of a confidential person, and entering a batteau, were set across this branch of Lake George; there again embarking in a skiff, which they fortunately found on the beach, they landed on the opposite shore, a little above the romantic outlet of the latter lake.

They entered the works, clad in the coarse garments common to the poorer class of settlers, and their perfect acquaintance with the habits and idioms of that region, enabled them easily to support the characters they assumed. The idle and arrogant soldiers of the garrison had never permitted themselves to believe that the natives or settlers around them, whom they had been accustomed to consider as an inferior race, could ever contemplate resistance, much less attack; and our adventurers were suffered to pass unquestioned, as two gawky Yankee traders in small notions, a little more knave than they appeared to be, and very willing, if they could, to overreach even the sutler himself. While Captain Noah Phelps scanned every thing around with a military eye, it may be naturally suspected that the anxiety of the lover mainly directed the views of Mark Standish. But his search had been as yet fruitless, and he was about to yield to utter despair, when, on rounding an angle of the works, a folded paper fell at his feet. He looked and saw a white hand for a moment wave through the loop-hole, high in the solid mass of masonry. Eagerly he snatched up the letter, happily unobserved, and retiring to a recess, with a throbbing heart read the following lines, traced in pencil by the hand of his Ellen:

"I know you, dear Mark, but guess not your design. How I tremble for your safety! For me, fear not; I shall still preserve myself for you."

The enraptured, yet indignant lover still held the letter in his hand, unconscious of danger, when suddenly a step approachnd, and a person crossed the opening in which he stood; hastily he thrust the paper into his bosom, while the intruder paused, and threw a suspicious glance toward him, which he was in no condition to meet with an air of self-possession. It was a critical moment, when the captain came in to the rescue. He perceived the exigency and met it promptly. The personage before him was no less than the barber of the garrison. Phelps immediatel engaged for a cast of his office, and while the barber was reaping the full harvest of his very fertile chin, Standish had leisure to regain his composure. The captain took all the extreme coolness, not failing to drive a hard and protracted bargain with the barber for the service he had rendered, after which he led the way in a shambling, careless gait out of the garrison.

"I told you so," said the captain, when they had got into the country; "you had like to have ruined all."

"She is here," cried Standish, "and can I, ought I—"

"Yes," replied Phelps, interrupting him, "you both can and ought to come along as fast as your legs will carry you, unless you would stay and be hanged."

There was no rebutting an argument like this and without unnecessary delay, our adventurers retraced their way to Orwell.

Captain Phelps now proceeded straight to Castleton, while Sthandish sought the late residence of his Ellen. He found the aged relative almost distracted with her loss, but unable to say how or by whose agency it was effected. She had, indeed, reason to suspect the young British officer, who, from the time he met Ellen at the village ball, had paid her uncommon attention. More than once the old lady had heard at night the sound of a flute from the lake under her window, and shrewdly suspected it to be a serenade to Ellen. But she was sure the dear girl had never given the man the least encouragement; and as to going off with him willingly, the thing was not to be thought of. Standish communicated to the good dame as much of the actual position of affairs as he deemed proper, and was rewarded by hearing related a thousand proofs of her niece's virtues, and twice that number of her affection for her dear Mark.

Night had fallen, and the troops assembled at Castleton were enjoying a short repose after the day's fatigue, when a stranger, who had been stopped as he attempted to pass the guard, was, at his peremptory demand, conducted by a sentinel to head quarters. Ethan Allen was seated at the head of a table, around which sat several other officers, when the stranger, a young man of a proud and martial deportment, his blue military cloak thrown gracefully over his shoulder, entered the room.

"Swagger and martinet!" muttered Allen, as the stranger appeared; then addressing the subject of his remark, "Well, sir, you see Ethan Allen. Quick—who? what?"

"I am not used to be interrogated in that style or tone," answered the stranger, drawing himself up haughtily.

"Ho!" roared Ethen Allen, distending the circle of his large eyes to a most ludicrous circumference, "well, sir, to amplify according to the book, who are you and what do you want?"

"Not unlikely; and in the name of the witch of Endor, who is Arnold?"

"I am known to some of your officers," said Arnold.

"I know the gentleman," observed Bladgen, "'tis Captain Arnold, of the Connecticut volunteers."

"It may be so," said Allen; "will Captain Arnold, of the Connecticut volunteers signify his pleasure?"

"By this commission you will be taught that I am now Colonel Arnold, sir; and by this," producing another paper, "that I am authorized and ordered, by the committee of safety of Massachusetts, to raise a force of four hundred men, and attack Ticonderoga."

The astonishment of Allen was fearful. "Massachusetts! colonel!" he repeated. "By the horn of Jericho! you raise men—soul of Samuel, where are they, hey?"

"You have, I thank you, raised them to my hands," replied Arnold, with his accustomary confidence. The ample chest of Allen heaved with an earthquake of passion.

"To your hands!" he cried, "yours! By the crack of God's field piece! your impudence is amusing. And who then," he added, cocking fiercely his little three cornered hat, "who then am I?"

"Captain Allen," answered the stranger, with a condescending air, "of whose services Colonel Arnold would be proud to avail himself."

"Good—better and better—excellent," said Allen in a smothered tone. "By the Lord of hosts, there's mettle in this martinet. Hand me your papers, young man and be seated."

Arnold took a chair, while Allen hastily glanced over the papers, and then with a smile of peculiar meaning said:—

"You are appointed Colonel by a committee, whose power I shall not question. Now here's a council of war—are you not, gentlemen? whose power you must not question, sir. You appoint me, do you not, gentlemen, a Colonel also?"

"Certainly, 'tis your right," they all cried.

"Well, then, our grade is the same it seems now to rank; happening to have the power, I settle it in my own favor, which if any one dispute, I'll send his soul to hell-fire in the priming of a rifle, and this same," putting forth his gigantic arm, "shall be the beetle of mortality; ay, ay," he added, "in spite of twenty such muscle-whangers as that young man. Psha, lad alive! leave fingering the pommel of your sword; the thing is settled by authority, and as a philosopher and soldier—not doubting that you are each—you must submit. There's stuff in you fit for use, though not over malleable, and by Judas and the rest—no allusion, sir—you shall have a place and employment. Come, gentlemen, 'tis time to set forward. Is there any report from the party detached to the head of the lake?"

"This moment a messenger has arrived.—Skeensborough is taken, and Skeen himself secured," replied an officer at the door.

"Hurra!" shouted Allen, "the would be royal governor of Ticonderoga is our's—no more delay. To horse, in the name of God, and away."

"But, sir ——" said Arnold.

"But's won't do, sir—I've said it; old Ethan whom they call the outlaw, who laughs at the lightning, outscolds thunder, and defies the devil and governor Tryon—old Allen who studied divinity in his youth, and became a soldier by passion, knows but little of the world of spirits, but he will be treated in the other world as a gentleman of his merit ought to be. Come, hurra for the Green Mountains, and forward to old Ti."

Hereupon the council broke up, Arnold yielding with a tolerable grace to an arrangement he could not better, and in a short time the whole body of troops was in a brisk motion.

It was almost day when the American force arrived, silent and unseen, on the bank of the lake opposite Ticonderoga. Their horses were secured in the neighborhood, and while some of the men were collecting the few boats scattered along the shore, the rest were dispersed in picturesque groups upon the bank. It was a scene of awful stillness. The lake reposed dark and unruffled by a single breeze: the moon was absent from the heavens, and the eye could with difficulty trace on the western horizon the dimly defined outline of the most prominent and elevated part of the fortress, now an object of such intense interest.

"Ay," said Ethan Allen, in a suppressed tone, "there she is, the brimstone of Babylon; there's old Ti, with whom I long to have a grapple as a lover with his mistress. How soundly the Jezabel sleeps on the brink of perdition; little dreaming who are about to beat up her head quarters. But it's the same to her, French, English or Yankees. To do the old girl justice, however, she held Abercrombie at arms length, as [illegible], the wolf hunter, has told me, who was in the frolic, when that hair-brained boy, Lord Howe [illegible]

legitimate and otherwise, left his body in the outworks. But then, again, Amherst had her for the asking, without penny or price. Well, boys, we may have a tussle for it, but I conclude we're ready; so embark in the name of the pillars of fire, and of smoke; act like men, men of the Hampshire grants, and never bring a blush on the Green Mountains."

An advanced guard of eighty-three men, as many as the boats could contain, now proceeded to embark.

"Halt there, friend," whispered Allen to Arnold, as the latter was attempting to pass him, "not before the commodore, colonel," and enforced his suggestion with no very gentle constriction of the arm, in fact with the grasp of a tourniquet or a vice—"No man of God's moulding before Ethan;" and he stepped on board, followed by Arnold, Standish, and others of the most eager. Motionless as statutes, and almost as breathless, they glided over the still lake, the dull sound of the muffled oar scarcely reaching the stem or stern of the boat, and not a ripple following its silent dip or its feathery skim over the undisturbed surface of the water.

It was when the east first became dappled by the dawn, that the party landed on the hostile shore near their slumbering foes. The boats were immediately sent back for the rear guard under Seth Warner, while the advanced was drawn up in triple rank, and Ethan Allen, whose huge dimensions the occasion seemed to swell to gigantic size, harangued the brave band.

"Fellow-soldiers," said he, "you have long been the terror of arbitrary power, in the person, of the petty despot, Tryon. Your fame has gone abroad, as appears from the honor conferred on you and me by the general assembly of Connecticut. You are now in a few minutes to prove yourselves worthy of your reputation for valor, or abandon your pretensions forever! I am ordered to take possession of the fortress before you, and propose to lead you at once through the gate. It is a desperate attempt, and none but the bravest of men will undertake it; on those who are not brave I do not urge it; you who volunteer to follow me, poise your firelocks."

There was not one of the band who did not throw his piece to the poise.

"To the right face," said Allen, and placing himself in the front of the centre file, marched his column in double quick time, directly to the southern entrance.

On approaching the gate, Arnold endeavored to place himself at the head of the column. "By heaven, sir," cried he, "I will enter first; my rank entitles me to it."

"By hell, sir," answered Allen, "if you attempt it, I'll send you to salvation or otherwise, before your watch ticks thrice."

"For God's sake Allen—Arnold—at such a time, in such a situation to dispute—shame, shame," whispered several voices near them.

"Well, sir, this much I'll grant, we'll go in together; but stop there, on my left, if you please," said Allen, and in this manner they entered the gateway.

A sentinel posted at the wicket, completely surprised, presented his piece at Allen's breast—"a snap, by Jupiter Protector—follow, my boys," cried Allen, as he pursued the retreating sentinel by the covered way into the body of the place. Uttering a cry of alarm, the sentinel fled into a case-mate. Standish had entered almost at the side of Allen, and a second sentinel charged upon him and wounded him slightly with his bayonet; Allen turned to his rescue, his tremendous arm was raised for the fatal blow, when suddenly he changed his purpose, and let his sword fall gently down the side of the sentinel's head, merely scraping off one ear, and the better part of the cheek in the descent. The poor fellow dropped his arms and begged for quarter. While the troops formed in two lines, each facing a line of barracks, and were awaking the garrison with three terrific hurras, Allen had questioned the prostrate sentinel, and following his directions, immediately ran up a stone stairway, on the western side of the esplanade, to the chamber of the commandant.

"Come forth," he cried, in a voice like the roaring of the Niagara, "you who command these slaves—you, de la Place come out, lobster back, from your shell, or every soul of you, fish or flesh shall be sacrificed."

The unfortunate commander, appeared at his chamber door in extreme undress, and the picture of dismay and despair.

"Do you deliver me the fortress?" cried Allen.

"In whose name do you demand it?" asked the petrified de la Place, not certain whether he was capitulating to men or devils.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the continental Congress!" thundered Allen, "nay no parleying," he added, observing the commandant about to speak, "surrender or death."

The ill-fated de la Place, with the sword literally suspended over his head, gave order for his men to parade without arms, as he had surrendered the fort.

It was in the gray of the morning of the 10th of May, 1776, that this most important fortress, with all its formidable and extensive equipment and warlike store, was yielded to the gallantry of a few boys of the Green Mountains.

The sun rose in unusual splendor, as if smiling on the achievement. On the same day, Crown Point surrendered to the brave and indefatigable Seth Warner, who had been detached with a part of the reserve, and immediately after, Arnold surprised and captured a vessel of war at the lower extremity of Champlain, and thus the entire command of the lakes rested with the Americans.

To return to Ticonderoga; the victors were assembled at the board, making ample amends for all their late privations, when Allen remarked the absence of the young volunteer, who had been wounded at his side, and inquired, with much interest, as to his fate. But no one could say what had become of him. The last time he was seen, was when the assaulting party was beating in the barrack doors, in which, it was observed, he assisted with the fury of a lion. There was also a subaltern of the garrison missing, whose absence could not be accounted for, any more than that of Standish. A short time, however, explained the mystery.

Mark Standish had indeed pursued his search with fury, and even frenzy. Every room was entered, but Ellen was no where to be found.—

[illegible] from which the letter had, the day before, been droped seemed to have been recently abandoned. He repeated his inquiries on every side, and was at length told by a soldier of the garrison, that on the first alarm, he had seen a female borne by an officer through one of the narrow passages, between the blocks of the barracks. Standish instantly started off in the direction indicated, and gained the open country, struck into the only path which seemed to be practicable. Along this he ran; he flew, at intervals pausing to call aloud the name of his beloved. The way became more rugged and difficult as it led among the hills, and he was about sinking to despair, when he thought he heard a response to his call, in a faint female voice—again he shouted—he paused in breathless suspense, but no answer was returned. Was it, then, but an echo that mocked him? one effort more, and summoning his powers of voice, as he leaned in his exhaustation against a tree, he called on Ellen—a voice not distant, but indistinct, as if stifled in its utterance, pronounced his name.—He was no longer weak. With the vigor of the deer he bounded forward, and in an instant beheld the form of a man, near whom lay, exhausted and fainting, his beloved Ellen. Like the panther springing toward his prey, he was met by one whose nerves were strung by desperation. The conflict was terrible; at length the energies of the mountain boy triumphed, and his sinewy foe rolled over the edge of the deep and cragged ravine near which they had met. His tremendous efforts over, Standish sank down almost insensible; but it was on the bosom of Ellen that his head rested; it was the voice of Ellen that recalled him to life, and revived him to love.—Resting within her arms, he listened to the narrative which dispelled every suspicion. The British officer had, by a thousand assiduities, endeavored to make an impression upon Ellen's heart. Her reserve did but increase his passion, and when finally the formal tender of his hand was rejected, and he learned that the heart he sought was devoted to another, maddened with love and jealousy, he formed the plan of carrying her off, and conveying her to Quebec, to which station he exerted influence enough to obtain his his recall. A soldier of the garrison was bribed to accompany him, night after night, to the opposite shore, until the opportunity at last occurred for which he had so long waited. She was found alone upon the bank, was seized and borne to the fort, where, with the aid of gold, the officer had succeeded in concealing her, even from the knowledge of the commandant. Standish heard with sensible satisfaction, that, the forcible seizure and detention only excepted, there was nothing in the conduct of the officer not marked by the most scrupulous delicacy, and regard to honor; and that he depended only upon the total estrangement from her friends, and a course of the most tender attention, for the success of his suit.

Standish conducted his recovered bride back to the circle of his military friends, while under the banner of his country, already streaming from the rampart, they were rejoicing in their victory. He, without delay, sent out a party to bring in the body of the wounded officer, whose wounds he found, to his infinite relief, though serious, were not mortal: and soon after crossed the lake, and lent his Ellen to the embrace of her good aunt.

Mark Standish and Ellen Guilford were married, and settled on their own farm. Occasionally aiding his countrymen in arms in their struggle for independence, and now returning, like Cincinnatus, to his plough, he passed through the scenes of the revolutionary war with a high reputation. He lived to see his country become a free and powerful nation—and the Hampshire grants, under the appropriate appellation of Vermont, a thriving State of the American Union. To see new towns and cities spring up around him, and the lakes and their shores, after being, in a subsequent war, the theatres of the triumphs of American fleets and armies, become, when peace returned, the object of research and enjoyment to the refined and elegant of the nation. Ellen gave to his board several blooming and beautiful girls, all of whom obtained respectable husbands; and about an equal number of sensible, spirited boys, some of whom were, in process of time, sent to the assembly, and one of whom it is said, was returned to Congress. It is certain that our lovers lived long and happily together, and for all I have heard to the contrary, our Mark Standish, the Green Mountain boy, is the identical old revolutionary character, who, at the flourishing town of Osbrook, read the glorious declaration of independence, on the recent celebration of its fiftieth anniversary.

Good luck in good time.—Some inquiries were made a few days since, by Samuel Kellogg, Esq., of Hartford, at the request of the British consul, for the whereabouts of one Edward Benson. The person sought for turns out to be an old tar, living in the town of Wethersfield, in this State; who, on hearing of the anxiety respecting him, made a visit to Hartford, to ascertain why he, an old sailor, poor and unknown, should be inquired for through the public press. The Times informs us that the result was in finding that he was entitled to a pension from the British Government of 19 guineas a year since 1823, and 6 guineas a year extra for extra wounds; making upwards of two thousand four hundred dollars now due him, with an income for life of 25 guineas a year. This was of course glad news to him, for he was very poor, with a family of ten children. He was pressed into British service from an American whale ship, and served under Lord Nelson; was in several battles—at Trafalgar among others—and received in different actions, four or five severe wounds, so that on two occasions he was laid up in Woolwich hospital for months. He is now 74 years of age, a hale and hearty old man, contented and of good cheer, with many of the characteristics of his craft.—*Columbian Register.*

Two curious philosophical facts are stated on the authority of the foreman of the rope-walk in the Navy Yard at Charlestown. One is, if you heat tar, such as they use for their cables, 100 degrees *above* boiling heat, you may dip your hand in it with the greatest impunity, and they are in the constant habit of doing so; the other is, that the leathern straps coming from the engine, and working the machinery, are highly charged with electricity. By standing upon a non-conducting body, and holding the fingers over the straps pretty close, you become charged with electric fluid, and can give out sparks as from the electrifying machine.—*Belfast paper.*

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, AUGUST 8, 1843.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost *en masse* around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO DEBT; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; RETRENCHMENT; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Calhoun.*

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

Democratic Republican Nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HUGH J. ANDERSON,

OF BELFAST.

Oxford County Convention.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and Plantations in the County of Oxford, also the Towns and Plantations composing Oxford Senatorial District, are requested to send Delegates to a Convention to be holden at the COURT HOUSE in PARIS, on *Thursday, the tenth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M.* for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators and other County Officers to be supported at the ensuing election.

All Towns and Plantations which give fifty Democratic votes, or a less number, will send one Delegate each; over fifty and under one hundred and twenty-five, two; over one hundred and twenty-five and under two hundred and fifty, three; over two hundred and fifty and under four hundred, four; over four hundred, five Delegates each.

Per order of the County Committee.

June 16, 1843

Fourth Congressional District Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of Lincoln County, together with that part of Oxford and Kennebec Counties, which compose the fourth Congressional District, are requested to meet at Col. John Nash's Hotel in Lewiston, on Wednesday the sixteenth day of August next, at 11 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting a candidate to be supported for Representative to the next Congress, and act upon any business in relation to future Conventions that may come before them, in accordance with the vote passed at a meeting of the Democratic Delegation of the 4th Congressional District, held at the State House on the 23d day of March last. The following is to be the basis of representation at said Convention.

All towns and regularly organized plantations that cast at the annual election of Governor in 1841, one hundred and twenty-five Democratic votes, or less, will send one delegate each—towns that cast more than one hundred and twenty five Democratic votes and less than two hundred and seventy-five, will send two delegates—over two hundred and seventy-five and not exceeding four hundred and fifty, three—over four hundred and fifty, and not exceeding six hundred, four—over six hundred, five—Plantations organized for the purpose of voting, and not for taxation, are not entitled to separate representation.

JOSHUA PATTERSON,
HIRAM CHAPMAN,
NOAH PRINCE,
THOMAS J. COX,
} District Committee.

June 17th, 1843.

☞ Some of our Democratic papers have admitted correspondence into their columns which, it seems to us, has an evil tendency, and if followed, may do much harm. We have looked upon it as proper to state what we consider the causes of our defeat in 1840; and we have, likewise, stated that we considered those causes still in operation, and would, under similar circumstances, defeat us again. But we have not at any time, suffered ourselves to call in question the political integrity of either of the two prominent candidates now before the country, nor shall we, under any condition of things, suffer ourselves to do so. Harmony and union are our aim,—*"every thing for the cause, nothing for men."*

But if one man is going to charge Mr. Calhoun with want of consistency, saying that he once acted with the Whigs—that he once voted for a United States Bank—that he voted against Mr. Van Buren in the Senate, and was the cause of his defeat as minister to England, and many other things, may not, and will not, the friends of Mr. Calhoun turn upon the friends of Mr. Van Buren, and say with equal truth that Mr. Van Buren joined with the Federalists, and voted in 1812 for De Witt Clinton for President, instead of Mr. Madison, the regular Democratic candidate—that he joined with the same party in support of Rufus King for Senator—that he voted for the Cumberland road bill—and that he voted for the Tariff of 1828, the most unjust and anti-Democratic of all Tariffs enacted? They most certainly will; and the consequence will be division—wide and fatal division in our own ranks.

It seems to us that these questions of character, political integrity, and so on, are not questions which *we* need discuss. Both these individuals may have committed errors, at different times in their lives. Both may have erred in judgment on different questions of law and policy. We should find but few to serve us in any capacity, if we were to seek for and employ those only who have always done right, and acted on the principles of truth and perfection. "It is human to err, divine to forgive." The great and important questions for us to ask now, and at all times, are whether the candidates we support for office are, and have been, true patriots—true lovers of country—true friends of Constitutional government, and whether their acts in their official capacity have tended to promote our free institutions. If all these questions can be answered in the affirmative, we have no fears about character or consistency. We have a sure guaranty that such individuals will act on the Democratic creed. We say, cease, then, one and all, to draw invidious distinctions between men of our own party, and let us study union in our ranks and availability, talents, and success, in the selection of our candidates.

☞ The proceedings of the Democrats of Augusta, at a meeting recently holden in that town, are calculated to inspire the Democratic party with renewed courage throughout the State.—The people there are enthusiastically engaged in the support of Hon. Hugh J. Anderson; and their whole strength, with a very few exceptions, will be given in his favor. The cry which has gone abroad that there was great disaffection to Mr. Anderson at Augusta, is not, to any extent, true. Much more credit has been given to the story than it deserved. The same is true, we have every reason to believe, in relation to other towns in the State. Mr. Anderson will be elected in spite of all this disaffection, however much it may displease the Whigs or Conservatives.

The following are some of the Resolutions passed, unanimously, at the Augusta meeting:

"*Resolved*, That we cordially respond to the nomination for the office of Governor, of the Hon. Hugh J Anderson, the favorite candidate from the east—the uniform, consistent and well-tried friend of the people, and the sound, judicious, self-made man—that we have confidence in the Convention that selected him, and believe he possesses those qualities of head and heart that will ensure his discreet and honest discharge of the duties of the Chief Magistracy; and that we will support him at the polls with vigor, heartiness and unanimity.

"*Resolved*, That in the present aspect of public affairs, and of popular opinion, there are abundant indications that the year 1844 will witness the restoration of the Democratic party to that ascendency in the national councils, of which it was robbed by Federal tricks and Federal frauds in 1840.

"*Resolved*, That all diversities of opinion in reference to the selection of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, will be yielded to the decision of a National Convention, called according to the well know usages of the party; and that all true Democrats will give the nominee of that Convetion an unwavering support."

The following Resolution was introduced by Wm. R. Smith, and has reference chiefly, we suppose, to Dr. Cony, the man who had made the great effort to get up a party for Mr. Kavanagh, against this latter gentleman's wishes:—

"*Resolved*, That no person can consistently, or honorably, act in the primary meetings of the Democratic party, or otherwise participate in the usual and accustomed arrangements adopted by it, with a view to obtain the sense of its majority in reference to the selection of candidates for elective offices, who does not admit, in word and deed, his obligation to support all nominations fairly and regularly made;—and that all nominations made by Democratic caucuses and conventions, seasonably and publicly called, are and ought to be, presumed to be fair and honorable, unless distinct, specific and sufficient objections thereto are substantiated, not by surmises and slanders, but by positive and ample proofs."

"Messrs. Philip C. Johnson, Richard D. Rice, and Darius Alden, were appointed a committee to correspond with the Hon. Edward Kavanagh, (if they shall deem it proper, considering the condition of the health of His Excellency,) with a view to obtain from him a public expression of his sense of the duty of Democrats in regard to the nomination of Hon. Hugh J. Anderson for Governor."

MR. PRINTER,—Will you inform us why an attempt was made by the District Committee, to deprive the Plantations of being represented in the Congressional Convention, to be holden at Lewiston? These Plantations were regularly organized, according to law, three years ago, and can cast at any election, more than one hundred Democratic majority. If we have a constitutional right to vote for our rulers, we know of no good reason why we should not have a voice in the selection of the candidates. We hope our Democratic brethren will not attempt to do an act of so great injustice to us. We intend to be represented in that Convention, and we shall not hold that one guiltless, who attempts to deprive us of one of our dearest rights.

A DEMOCRAT.

Letter B Plantation, July 26, 1843.

In answer to the inquiries of our correspondent, we would remark that, we have unquestionable authority for stating that the Democratic delegation of this District, at the close of the Legislature, *unanimously* directed the Committee to call the Convention, giving *every town and organized Plantation a right to be represented by at least one delegate.* The omission in the notice was probably unintentional on the part of the Chairman of the committee, and the error will, undoubtedly, be readily corrected by the Convention, as the harmony of the Democratic party can only be supported by doing justice to all.

☞ The Journal can see nothing worth replying to, in the articles inserted in this paper from Kendall's Expositor and the Journal of Commerce. How blind! How willfully, obstinately, perversely blind. A man that can't see any thing to reply to in those articles, couldn't see the State House ten rods off through a magnifying glass. The truth is, the Journal, after wasting so much ammunition on his "porter *groce*," and the "grandfather of fiddles," had none left for Kendall and Hale.

☞ Certain Democratic correspondents in certain of our Van Buren papers, would do well to read and practice the following, from the Boston Post:—

"Effective advocacy of the principles and measures of Democracy; severe examination of the designs of Federalism; candid discussion as to Democratic candidates for the Presidency; support of the Baltimore nominee, the party touchstone; here lies the safety of Democracy. Will not such a policy produce union? Let an opposite course be pursued. Let local preferences, personal prejudices or matters of mere expediency, be made a test of Democracy, and where is the Democratic strength? Suppose the friends of Van Buren be denounced because they will not come out for Calhoun? Suppose the friends of Calhoun be denounced because they will not declare for Van Buren? So of the other candidates. Will not these denunciations be hurled back? Is not *one* blow inflicted by a friend to it more effective against Democracy than *a dozen* blows dealt out by an enemy? If a Democrat brings charges against either one of the distinguished men with whom he acts, will they not be caught up by the Whigs, and repeated again and again? If one Democratic editor charges another Democratic editor, with whom he has fought for years in the same cause, with holding his principles loosely about him, can it be expected that the foul calumny will not be indignantly repelled? If a prominent Democrat, who has spent his life in defence of his principles, is unjustly attacked, will not his friends, who have known him long and intimately, rally in a phalanx in his support? We ask the candid, the intelligent, the liberal, if such a denunciatory, proscriptive policy is the right policy? That which is absolutely necessary to the complete triumph of the Democracy is cordial union. We have the basis of this union in the common principles we can rally upon. We will not believe that the great body of the Democracy will undermine this basis by such a suicidal policy as we have described. With a few exceptions, there never was a better spirit in the party. Let it be cherished,—let the men—the presses—*be marked*, that sow division, and hence, defeat."

☞ The Federal papers are making every effort to injure the moral and political character of Mr. Anderson. They represent him as having been a merchant, dealing out molasses by the gallon, and measuring calico by the yard, as if this were a mean occupation. They, likewise, represent him as voting against the reception of Abolition petitions, and undertake to make this out a heinous offence. It is unnecessary to answer such idle accusations. None but those engaged in a desperate cause will make them. Mr. Anderson is every where represented as a fair, honorable man—an upright and conscientious citizen—and as one possessing talents of no ordinary cast. No man ever has, and no man, however pure, ever need expect to escape the shafts of Whig abuse. It is the besetting sin of their party, and is as natural as breathing.

"MEN WOULD BE ANGELS, ANGELS WOULD BE GODS."—The following is from an Indiana paper. Pope's expression is becoming almost true. It would be true only men, it seems, are assuming the place of Gods before they are Angels.

BLASPHEMY.

Let our readers all recollect that John H. Bradley, the Abolition Whig candidate for Lieutenant Governor, said, in a speech at Valparaiso, Porter County, Indiana:—

☞ "GOD ALMIGHMY SHOULD HAVE STRUCK JAMES WHITCOMB DEAD WITH LIGHTNING, AND SUNK HIM BENEATH THE SOD UPON WHICH HE STOOD, FOR PUBLISHING HIS 'FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.'" *Delphi Oracle.*

PLAGIARISM.—The Bangor Courier complains of the Argus for inserting matter from that paper without giving credit, and says that "as such a course is different from all the papers in the the State, it is right to mention it as an uncommon Case."

QUERY.—How ought those Delegates to vote who were chosen at the State Convention, in case it should be found the *people* are for Mr. Calhoun?

☞ Look out for all sorts of Whig stories.—We have seen some of the effects which have arisen from them already.

☞ We get the Washington Spectator about once a moon. Whose fault is it?

It is stated that Mr. Van Buren has been seized with the "Tyler *grippe.*"

FANATICISM.—The last Bellast, Me., Signal gives a new feature to the fanaticisms of the Millerites. It says that on Saturday last their attention was arrested by a flag suspended upon a liberty pole in front of Mr. Jonas S. Barrett's house, and on visiting that place we learned Mr. Barrett was celebrating the coming of the first year of the second advent of Christ. The flag bore the inscription of the "*Opening of the Seven Seals,*" and a picture representing the Bible in seven clasps, three of which were broken. At nine o'clock seven cannon were fired, representing the seven thunders that uttered their voices upon the opening of the seals. The bugle fife and drum were introduced with other ceremonies and the military rattle was kept up in the grove of pine trees set out for the occasion in front of the house. Mr. Barrett is an honest and laboring man, and seems to be insane on no subject but Religion. We regret that so industrious a citizen should waste his scanty funds in giving free dinners, and propagating such enthusiasm

THE TARIFF.

The experience of some of the manufacturers in learning the fruits of protection is likely to be very severe. This measure of Congress, which was declared to be necessary for their very existence, has operated with a baneful influence upon a number of them. If we are not much mistaken, the disasters that have befallen this class of the community have proved more severe and fatal than any which occurred for years previous to the passage of the law. Thus apart from the fallacy of the principles and arguments upon which protection is maintained, we witness on every side disastrous effects attending its operation.

The last Ulster Republican thus reports the stopping of a large establishment for the manufacture of iron in that country :—

"We regret to learn that the extensive iron works at Saugerties, in this county, have been stopped, and that all the hands have been discharged in consequence. They gave employment to a large number of operatives, who will now be compelled to embark in other pursuits, or seek engagements elsewhere. These works were suspended a short time last year for want of 'protection?' but immediately after the passage of the 'black tariff' bill, which virtually prohibited the introduction of foreign manufactured iron, business was resumed with renewed activity, and every thing promised fair and well —the proprietors were to realize large profits, and the workmen were to have permanent and liberal wages. It has however, produced the results that all reasonable men foresaw—the short spasmodic action, stimulated into vitality by the galvanic process of 'protection,' has flourished for a day, and ended in utter listlessness and inaction. The same causes that have produced the ruin of so many manufacturers within the last six months have been at work in this instance, viz: overproduction. We learn that the Company have on hand more manufactured iron than they can dispose of in three years."

While we deeply deplore the event, we cannot avoid placing it on record as another chapter on the "Vanity of Human Wishes." To the advocates of a high "protective" tariff, the prostration of the manufacuring interest within the last ten months under the operation of the law they clamored for, is a severe but useful lesson—

'The thorns which they have reaped are of the tree they planted.'—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

U. S. Court—*Before Commissioner* Rapelje.

Telling a Lie to oblige a lady.—Hugh Quinn was brought in custody to be examined on a charge of having broken the seal of a letter, directed to a Mr James Murray, which had passed through the post office. The committal of such an offence being imprisonment for one year and a fine of $300.

The letter carrier proved the delivery of it to a young lady who was then in Court, the wife of the said Mr Murray, and the latter testified that he had been given the letter by the prisoner, with the seal of it broken, and that his enquiring of him who opened the letter, the prisoner confessed to him that he had done it. So far the case was quite clear against the prisoner, and in his defence, Mrs. Murray, the wife of complainant was examined, and by her evidence it appeared that on receiving the letter her curiosity tempted her to open it, and finding it contained nothing that interested her, she became anxious to have it delivered to her husband. But as it happened that just at that time there existed between herself and her husband one of those little interludes of love, commonly called a coolness, which now and then takes place "in the best of families," the lady was unwilling to let her husband know that she opened the letter, and requested Mr. Quinn to say that he did it, and Mr. Quinn, thinking himself bound, in common politeness, to tell a lie for the lady, and little dreaming of the trouble it was to cost him, at once complied with her request, and shortly after found himself a prisoner in the United States Court, undergoing an examination for a high crime and misdemeanor.—As the lady's evidence exonerated Quinn from any crime except that of telling a lie, he was discharged, and when leaving the court, fervently vowed that he would never again tell a lie for a lady as long as he lived.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

The Whigs are clucking at the anticipated division in the Democratic ranks, in consequence of some dissatisfaction which has been expressed, in consequence of the nomination of Mr. Anderson for Governor, but like all their other hopes and anticipations, they are destined to be woefully disappointed. Aspirants for office, may feel chagrined at being thwarted in their intriguing attempts to obtain spoils; but the great mass of the Democratic party, believing in the purity of their principles, will never desert its cause, but will yield all personal feeling, and preferances for the good of the whole, and give their united support in favor of the regularly nominated candidate. Had Mr. Kavanagh been nominated, he would have received the same hearty support that Mr. Anderson will now receive; and none but those of no stability of principles, and scarcely worth the trouble of retaining in the party, will be found mean enough to desert the party, because the majority did not think exactly as they did.—*Democratic Clarion.*

Ill-treatment of American Seamen.—A gentleman who lately arrived at Philadelphia from St. Johns, Porto Rico, informs the editor of the U. S. Gazette, that three of the crew of the American brig Washington, from Portland, being taken sick on board at St. Johns, while under the treatment of a physician employed by the Captian, were ordered on shore by the authorities to a miserable receptacle called a hospital, and the physician in attendance refused admission.—In consequence of this treatment, one of the men died, and the others barely escaped with their lives. The prompt remonstrances of the American consul to the governor general, were entirely disregarded. The Gazette complains that this is not the only instance in which Spanish colonial governors have treated our consuls with disrespect, and calls the attention of the government to the subject.

FEATHERED LOVER OF GENTILITY

A writer in Silliman's Journal thus describes an Eagle, domesticated in his yard. It was what Audubon calls "the Washington Eagle."

"This noble bird was shot in New Canaan in April, 1821, and was sent to me in Stratford by Mr. J. Silliman. He soon recovered from his wound, and became perfectly domesticated. I kept him for a while confined, but soon found it unnecessary, because if he left my premises, he would return to the stand at night. I have known him to eat fourteen birds, (mostly *Muscicapa tyrannus*, kind bird,) and then he was satisfied for a week. He appeared to prefer this mode on living, and paid no attention to a daily supply. He however in the course of the sumner became so mischievous among the young ducks of my neighbors, that I was compelled to kill him. A single anecdote of his conduct may not be uninteresting. While he had possession of my front yard, occupying the centre as his stand, (the walks making a semicircle to the door,) he would remain perfectly quiet if *gentlemen or ladies* entered; but if a person with tattered garments, or such persons as were not accustomed to come in at the front door entered the yard, it was actually dangerous for them, and they could only escape the tremendous grasp of his talons by running with their full strength and shutting the gate after them. Facts of this kind often occurred, and I was occasionally compelled to release from his grasp such individuals as he had taken captive. With one paw in the sward and grass, he would hold quietly any man with the other. My domestics, both male and female, often felt this power of his talons and grasp. He would not allow their passing in that yard, and long acquaintance did not change his temper towards them. If however such persons passed him in the adjoining yard, to the door in the rear of the house, he made no complaint. What renders this truly remarkable was, he had no training to this purpose while in my possession, and was wild when I received him.

Insurance.—Noah, referring to the subscriptions of the Fall River sufferers, very judiciously says: "Let it be understood hereafter, as a settled principal—*no insurance no relief.* If you can insure $5000 for $10 per annum premium, and refuse to do so, you deserve to suffer."

The Charleston Patriot says there are 121 millions of British capital invested in foreign countries, 100 millions of which pay no interest.

The Medical Society of Calcutta pronounce *hemp* a powerful narcotic.—*Exchange paper.*

We believe it; for we have known persons to be cast into a profound sleep merely by the external application of the medicine to the throat. —*Portland Bulletin.*

Democrats!—keep good natured. While we show our teeth at each other, the enemy laugh and clap their hands. They understand how to *reap* where we have *sown*. Look out for them!

A wag, on witnessing an execution by hanging, said—"It must put any one out of breath to stand on nothing and pull hemp with their hands tied behind them."

The Chinese, it is said, laugh very loud when frightened, laughter being with them an expression of fear and not merriment.

Won't let them preach. The Rev. Dr. Moore announced from his pulpit at Richmond, Staten Island, that no *Puseyite* should ever preach in his desk.

☞ The quantity of sugar consumed in the United States is estimated at three hundred millions of pounds. The average crop of Louisiana is one hundred millions.

Business looking up.—A Philadelphia paper says:—

"The fall trade opened unusually early this season, and promises to be better than it has been for several years."

An Irishman asked in a store for a pair of silk gloves, and was told that the kind he wanted would come to a dollar. "Oh, by my sowl, thin," said Pat, "I'd sooner my hands would go *barefoot* all the days of my life, then give ye that for 'em."

DIED.

In this town, on Wednesday last, Freeman, eldest son of Mr. Jacob and Mrs. Betsey Swift, aged 13 years and 3 months.

This young man, though in the bloom of life, was cut down as the flower of the valley, after 8 days of extreme suffering, and is now mouldering in the dust. The parents have been called to bid adieu to an affectionate and beloved son—a *faithful* boy—a remarkable child—one who bid fair to be an ornament to society, and a staff and comfort to those who reared him up. But alas! "all flesh is as grass"—we must die. Earth is not the home of man. We have one that is eternal beyond this veil of sorrow and death. May those who mourn, sorrow not, even as those which have no hope, but rejoice in view of a re-union, where love is immortal, and virture never dies. "To die is to go home." Comm.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Enoch Hammond, of Woodstock, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, on the seventh day of June, A. D, 1833, conveyed by deed of mortgage, to the subscriber a certain piece or parcel of land situated in said Woodstock, "it being lot No 35, on the Gorham Academy Grant;" for a more particular description of which reference may be had to said deed recorded with Oxford records, book 42, page 410; and, whereas, the conditions of said mortgage having been broken, the subscriber gives this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeable to the Statute in such case made and provided. JOSIAH DUDLEY.

Paris, July 22nd, 1843. 3w13

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

Edward Weston, Administrator of the estate of Jonathan H. Ward, late of Fryeburg, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of his administration of the estate of said deceased,

It was *Ordered*, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, aforesaid, on the 3d Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

3w14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

Hira Stone, Executor of the last Will and Testament of America Hamlin, Jr. late of Waterford, aforesaid, deceased, having presented his 2nd account of his administration of the estate of said deceased—

It was *Ordered*, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 2d Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

John Needham, Administrator, de bonis non, of the estate of Eli Mills, late of Gilead, in said county, deceased, having pres ented his 2nd account of his administration of the estate of said deceased—

It was *Ordered*, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three—

Elbridge Gerry, Administrator of the estate of Rowland H. Gerry, late of Waterford, aforesaid, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased—

It was *Ordered*, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris on the 4th Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three—

Ira Towle, Administrator of the estates of Daniel Clement and Richard Clement, both late of Fryeburg, aforesaid, deceased, having presented his 2d account of his administration of the estate of said Daniel and his 3d account of his administration of the estate of said Richard—

It was *Ordered*, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, aforesaid, on the 3d Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the thirty-first day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty three—

Eleazer C. Shaw, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Gilbert Shaw, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate;

It was *Ordered*, That the said Eleazer C. Shaw give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of August current, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should no be allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

Stephen Barker, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Abigail Andrews, late of Lovell, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased—

It was *Ordered*, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, aforesaid, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14* Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford within and for the County of Oxford, on the last day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three.

Abigail Brickett, Guardian of Harriet N. Brickett, a minor child of Thomas Brickett, late of Sweden, in said county, deceased having presented her first account of her guardianship of the estate of said minor —

It was *Ordered*, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Waterford, aforesaid, on the fifteenth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

*14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three—

Ann S. Gage, Widow of Leander Gage, late of Waterford, aforesaid, deceased, having presented the Return of the Commissioners appointed to assign her Dower in the Real Estate of said deceased—

It was *Ordered*, That the said Widow give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be accepted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three—

George Bryant, Administrator of the Estate of Mary Houghton, late of Waterford, aforesaid, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate—

It was *Ordered*, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

*14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

TURNER-VILLAGE, Me.

BLANKS

For sale at this Office.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

ON the Petition of **Joseph G. Towle,** Administrator of the estate of William Towle, late of Albany, in the County of Carroll, and State of New Hampshire, praying for License to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to raise the sum of thirty-nine hundred dollars for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and incidental charges:

It was *Ordered*, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August, current, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

William French, Guardian of George W. French, a minor child of Isaac French 2nd, late of Porter, in said county, deceased, having presented his 4th account of guardianship of said minor—

It was *Ordered*, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said county, on the 3d Tuesday of Jno. next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14* Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three.

ON the Petition of **David Colcord,** Administrator of the estate of Jedediah Storer, late of Porter, in said county, deceased, praying for License to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to raise the sum of three hundred dollars to pay the debts of said deceased and incidental charges—

It was *Ordered*, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the fourth Tuesday of Aug , current, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Sheriff's Sale,

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue on Saturday the ninth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the Office of Lyman Rawson, in Rumford, in said County, (the same having been attached on the original Writ)—All the right, title and interest Jacob Farrington, of Andover in said county, has, or had at the time of the original attachment, in and to the farm on which he now lives in Andover. Said farm is subject to a claim in favor of Aaron Stevens, Esquire, of Rumford. The amount of said claim and further particulars will be made known at the time of sale.

C. A. KIMBALL, Dept. Sheriff.

Rumford, July 15, 1843. 3w14

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of License from the Probate Court of the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public Vendue, on the premises, on Saturday the 28th day of October next, at one o'clock P. M.,—All the real estate of Eli Mills, late of Gilead, in said County, deceased, it being one undivided half of the homestead farm of the said deceased, subject to the right of the Widow's Dower therein, and also subject to a Lease of the same to Asenath Mills for and during her natural life.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

JOHN NEEDHAM, Administrator.

Bethel, July 31, 1843. 3w14

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—At a Western District Court begun and holden at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June, 1843—

JONATHAN SWIFT, of Norway, Esquire, & George French, of Albany, Trader, both in said county and State, copartners jointly negotiating under the firm of Swift and French, Plaintiffs, v. John Gurney, of said Norway, yeoman, Defendant, in a plea of the case, for that said Gurney at said Norway on the third day of May, 1837, by his note of hand of that date by him signed for value received promised the Plaintiffs to pay them or their order fifteen dollars and ninety cents on demand with interest—Yet though requested has neglected and refused to pay the same; to the damage of the Plaintiffs (as they say) the sum of forty dollars.

And now it being suggested that the defendant is out of the State and no service has been made upon him, it is ordered that the Plaintiffs cause the substance of this Writ and an attested copy of this Order of Court thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court to be holden at said Paris in and for said County of Oxford on the second Tuesday of November next, that said Gurney may then and there appear, if he see cause, and answer to the same.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

The foregoing is the substance of the Plaintiffs' Writ and a true copy of the Order of Court thereon.

3w14 Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—At a Western District Court begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June, 1843.

EBENEZER HOBBS, of Norway, in said County, Blacksmith, Plaintiff, v. John Gurney, of said Norway, Yeoman, Defendant, in a plea of the case, in which the Plff declares on a Note of hand dated October 1, 1836, by which the Def't promised to pay the Plff, or his order, nine dollars and thirty-two cents on demand and interest. Also on one other Note dated April 10, 1837, by which the Def't promised to pay one Daniel Young, or order, fourteen dollars and fifty cents on demand and interest, which note was endorsed to the Plff by said Young, neither of which notes have been paid; to the damage of the Plff (as he says) the sum of sixty-five dollars.

And now it being suggested that the defendant is out of the State and no service has been made upon him, it is ordered that the Plaintiff cause the substance of this Writ and an attested copy of the Order of Court thereon to be published in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court to be holden at said Paris, in and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November next, that said Gurney may then and there appear, if he see cause, and answer to the same. Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

The foregoing is the substance of the Plaintiff's Writ and a true copy of the Order of Court thereon

3w14 Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Commissioner's Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of Jedediah Grover, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice, that six months from the twenty-seventh day of June last, are allowed to creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and, that they will attend to that service at the office of William Frye, in said Bethel, on the last Mondays of August, October, and December next, from one to five of the clock of each of said days

WILLIAM FRYE, } Comm'rs.
SAMUEL BARKER, }

July 24th, 1843. 3w13

WILLIAM K. KIMBALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CANTON VILLAGE, Me.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss. Western District Court, June Term, 1843.

JAMES WHITE, of Belfast, in the County of Waldo, in his capacity of Treasurer of the State of Maine, Plaintiff v. James O. McMillan & Judah Dana, of Fryeburg, in the County of Oxford, Esqrs, & Andrew McMillan of ——, in the County of —— Defendants.

In a plea of debt, for that the said James O. McMillan as principal, and the said Judah Dana and Andrew McMillan as sureties at said Fryeburg, on the nineteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, by their bond and writing obligatory of that date by them signed, sealed with their seals, and, here in Court to be produced, acknowledged themselves to be indebted and to stand firmly bound and obliged unto one Abner B. Thompson, their Treasurer of the State of Maine and his successors in said office, in the full and just sum of five thousand dollars, to be paid to the said Thompson or his successors in office on demand, to the payment of which, well and truly to be made unto said Thompson or unto his successors in said office of Treasurer as aforesaid, the said James O. Judah, and Andrew, then and there bound themselves, their heirs, executors and administrators, jointly and severally, firmly thereto. And the said White avers that he is successor of said Abner B. Thompson in said office as Treasurer of the State of Maine. Yet the said defendants, though often requested, have not paid the same but owe and detain it. To the damage of the said plaintiff (as he says) the sum of two hundred dollars —And now in this Term it being suggested that Andrew McMillan, one of the above named defendants, was out of the State at the time of the service of the Plaintiff's writ, and has not since returned It is therefore ordered, That the Plaintiff give notice of the pendancy of this suit by causing the substance of his writ and this order of Court thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a paper printed at Paris in said County, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court to be holden at said Paris on the second Tuesday of November next, that said Andrew McMillan may then and there appear, if he see cause, and defend against said suit.

Attest, J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy, Attest, J. G. COLE, Clerk.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, Levi Stearns Jr. & Judith B. Stearns, wife of said Levi, of Lovell in the County of Oxford, on the first day of December, eighteen hundred and forty-one, by their Mortgage Deed of that date, conveyed to the Trustees of the first Universalist Society of the town of Fryeburg, one half of a certain Lot of land situate in said Lovell, being the northerly half of the lower nine acres Lot, so called; for a more particular description thereof reference may be had to the District Registry at said Fryeburg, Book 21, Pages 445 & 446. And whereas the condition of said mortgage is broken, we give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

SIMEON HARLES,
SAMUEL WALKER,
NOYES FARINGTON,
JOSEPH STEVENS,
DEAN WALKER,
} Trustees of said Society

By D. HAMMONS, their Att'y.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, John Stockbridge, of Byron in the county of Oxford, Esquire, on the sixth day of October, A. D. 1842, by his Mortgage Deed of that date, conveyed to me a certain peice or parcel of land situated in Byron, aforesaid, being the Southerly half of Lot number 8, in the 8th Range, containing fifty acres more or less; for more particular description reference may be had to the Oxford Records, Book 65, Page 233.—And, whereas, the condition of said mortgage has been broken, I give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided. ISAA RANDALL.

Dixfield, July 12, 1843. sr3w11

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution, (the same having been attached on the original writ,) and will be sold at public Vendue, at the Inn of Abel Houghton in Waterford in said county, on Saturday the 26th day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M.,—All the right which Lewis Jewell, of said Waterford, has in equity to redeem his "Homestead in said Waterford consisting of about 30 acres of land, with the Saw Mill, Shingle Machine or Mills, all the Water Power or Privilege, and the dwelling House and other buildings thereon situate and thereto appertaining."

Said premises were mortgaged to Isaac Smith Nov. 18th, 1840, to secure the payment of $366,55 with interest from Oct. 19, 1840.

JOHN GERRY, Deputy Sheriff.

Waterford, July 13, 1843. 3w11

Sheriffs Sale.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public vendue, on Saturday, the second day of September next, at four o'clock, P. M., at the office of Peter C. Virgin, in Rumford, in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which Daniel Hinkson has in and to a certain lot of land in Rumford, in said County, being lot numbered twenty-one, in the third division of lots in said Rumford, mortgaged to Timothy Walker, July 3d, 1840, for the sum of one hundred twenty-six dollars and twenty-four cents,—the same having been attached on the original writ.

CHARLES A. KIMBALL, Dep'ty Sh'ff.

July 13, 1843. 3w12

Notice of Foreclosure.

THE subscriber being Assignee of a mortgage dated and given the fourth day of April, A. D, 1840, by Samuel J. Durell to David Jorden, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of deeds, book 56, page 465, of the following described property, hereby gives notice that the condition of said mortgage have been broken, by reason whereof a foreclosure is claimed, viz: A parcel of land situated at South Paris, and the same that said Durell now owns, being the same that was deeded to him by David Jorden; and, for a more particular description of said land, reference to said deed may be had.

JOSIAH J. KNIGHT.

Paris, July 10, 1843. 3w12

Commissioner's Notice.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate, &c., within and for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of Willard Kelsey, late of Livermore, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice that a further time of two months from the date hereof are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we shall attend to that service at the office of R. Washburn, in Livermore, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of August next, at ten o'clock, A. M.

REUEL WASHBURN, }
ASA KIMBALL, } Comm'rs.

Livermore, June 27th, 1843. 3w12

Tailoring.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of South Paris, that he has taken the shop occupied by T. Littlefield, where he will carry on the *Tailoring business.* Those who may favor him with their patronage, may rely on having their work done in a neat and workman-like manner and on reasonable terms. All garments made by him are warranted to fit. The subscriber hopes by his experience and constant attention to his business, to merit a share of public patronage.

N B. Cutting done at the shortest notice.

WM. HEALD.

South Paris, April 10th, 1843.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff,

PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

☞ All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to

Feb. 14, 1842. 4f

Administrators' & Guardians' DEEDS for Sale at this Office.

WRIGHT'S
INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Of the North American College of Health.

NATURAL PRINCIPLES. It is written in the book of nature and common sense, that the natural vegetable productions of every country are, if properly applied, amply sufficient for the cure of every malady incident to that climate.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGEAABLE PILLS

are composed of plants which grow spontaneously on our own soil and are therefore better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign drugs, however well they may be compounded; and as they are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth subject to

ONLY ONE DISEASE,

viz: corrupt humors, or in other words, impurity, and cure every form of this one disease, on natural principles, that is, by Cleansing and Purifying the Body, it must be plain to every reflecting mind that a perseverence in the use of the medicine, according to directions, will be absolutely certain to drive every malady from the body.

When we wish to restore a swamp or morass to fertility, do we not drain it of its superabundant water? In like manner, if we would restore the body to health, we must cleanse it of impurity.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will be found a delightful medicine for carrying out this grand purifying principle, because they expell all morbid and corrupt humors, the cause of disease, in an easy and natural manner, and while they every day,,

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

disease of every name is rapidly driven from the body.

Beware of Counterfeits!

The patrons of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are cautioned against being deceived by medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, manufactured by one A. L. NOCROSS, who is travelling about the county, endeavoring by every artifice to palm off his worthless trash for the genuine.

It should be remembered that all genuine medicine has the title expressed in full on the sides of the boxes thus:—

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
(INDIAN PURGATIVE)
Of the North American College of Health.

And that all Travelling Agents are provided with a certificate of Agency, signed by *William Wright*, Vice President of the N. A. Coll. of Health. All travellers, therefore, who offer Indian Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate of Agency as above described, will be known as wicked imposters.

Purchasers will further remember that the counterfeiters in the hope of evading the law, have omitted the name of 'Wright' and substituted some other words in its place, the medicine must have the words

"*WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.*"

on the sides or the boxes; and that all with the above omissions are positively spurious.

And also round the borders of the label will be found in small type "Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by William Wright, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania."

It will further be observed that the printed directions for using the medicine, which accompanies each box, are also entered according to Act of Congress; and the same form will be found at the bottom of the first page.

The public will also remember that all who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills, are provided with a certificate of Agency, signed by

WILLIAM WRIGHT, VICE PRESIDENT
Of the North American College of Health.

Thus it will be seen, that trifling attention on the part of the purchaser to the above particulars, will put an effectual stop to this wholesale robbery, and drive, it is hoped, all depredators upon society to an honest calling.

The following highly respectable persons have been appointed agents for the sale of the above invaluable medicine.

AGENTS.
Oxford County.

Andover, Lewis Crockett.
Albany, Jacob H. Lovejoy.
Bethel, Ira C. Kimball.
Bethel E., Elias M. Carter & Co.
Brownfield, Daniel Tyler.
Buckfield, E. & L. Atwood.
Canton Mills, J. M. Deshon.
Canton, Holland & Austin.
Dixfield, Chase & Eustis.
Dixfield E., H. J. Dakin.
Fryeburg, H. C. Boswell.
Fryeburg N. D. W. O'Brion & Co.
Greenwood, Joseph Stevens.
Hartford, Winslow Hall.
Hiram, Alpheus Spring.
Livermore, Strickland & Morrison.
Livermore N. J. Coolidge.
Livermore(*Haine's Corner*) Samuel R. Nelson.
Lovell, James Walker.
Mexico, James L. Dolloff.
Norway, Wm. E. Goodnow.
Norway N. Jonathan Swift.
Oxford, Charles Durell.
Paris, Thomas Crocker.
Paris N. Alanson Briggs.
Paris S. O. H. Paine.
Porter, John Higgins.
Rumford Point, J. H. Wardwell
Rumford Centre, J. Graham.
Rumford Falls, A. Bolster.
Sumner, Jeremiah Howe.
Sumner N. L. & R. Crocker.
Turner, J. Blake & Son.
Turner Centre, Mitchell & Bradford.

Price 25 cents per box with full directions.

☞All letters relative to the Pills must be addressed thus—*N. B. Office N. A. College of Health*, 198 Tremont St. Boston, Mass."

Principal Office, and General Depot, 169, Race st. Philadelphia, Pa.

N. B. Purchasers must be particular and ask for *Wright's* Indian Vegetable Pills.

Remember THOMAS CROCKER is the only authorized Agent for this Village. epoly18

Astonishing News!

"*THE TIME MAY COME WHEN CONSUMPTION WILL BE CLASSED WITH THE CURABLE DISEASES.*"—[R. BUTE, M. D., 1432.

THE subscriber announces the gratifying intelligence that he has received from England a large supply of

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE!

The only Compound known to the Medical Faculty which will effect a SPEEDY AND PERMANENT CURE OF THAT DREADFUL MALADY

CONSUMPTION,

AND ALL DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND LUNGS.

Such as Colds, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Irritation and Soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General Debility, Asthma, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c.

For the last five years the HUNGARIAN BALSAM has been in extensive use in Great Britain, and throughout the Continent of Europe, where it has completely astounded the Medical Faculty, by its unparalleled success in the cure of

THE MOST HOPELESS CASES

of Consumption ever brought under their notice. In England it has cured thousands upon thousands— of all classes—in cases of the most dangerously Consumptive character—and the English papers are full of extravagant eulogiums upon it, and upon its distinguished author. In the Hospitals of Paris all other remedies have been thrown aside by order of the medical overseers.

The great merit of Dr. Buchan's Balsam is this—in all cases of Pulmonary complaints it gives IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

A single bottle will reveal its astonishing virtues, and open at once the fountain of health and strength to the afflicted.

TRY IT—TRY IT to-day—to-morrow is uncertain, and in case of life and death should never be appealed to.

IT IS THE ONLY MEDICINE KNOWN WHICH CAN CERTAINLY CURE

CONSUMPTION.

☞The subscriber has been appointed by Dr. Buchan Sole Agent for the United States.

Price of the Balsam, only $1 per bottle, with full directions Dissertation on Consumption, Notices and Certificates of Remarkable Cures, &c.

DAVID F. BRADLEE,
Sole Agent for the United States.
62 COURT STEET 62
OPPOSITE THE HEAD OF BRATTLE STREET.

For sale at the Oxford Bookstore by

WM. E. GOODNOW,
Agent for the County of Oxford.

Merchants and others in want of any of the above, can be supplied as aforesaid.
Dec 26, 1842. 31tf

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificinal Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by
T. H. BROWN, Paris-Hill.

Price.—Filling with Gold, from	50 cts to	$1,50.
do Tin Foil,	25	50.
Cleaning set of Teeth,	50	1,00.
Setting Pivot Teeth,	$1,00	1,50, & 2,00

Work warranted.—March 28. tf 47

COLLECTOR'S DEEDS,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

To the Hon. Court of County Commissioners for the County of Cumberland, June term, A. D. 1843.

THE Inhabitants of the town of Poland, by David Dunn, their special agent, duly chosen for this purpose, beg leave respectfully to represent that the new County road leading from Poland by Dennen's mills so called on the East side of Pigeon Hill, to the new mills or Welchville so called in Oxford in the County of Oxford, recently located on the petition of Henry Hawkins, Town agent of Oxford, is not of common convenience or necessity, being circuitous and expensive, and not called for by the people properly interested in the same, and they therefore earnestly pray that after due proceedings had, the said road may be discontinued and that a County road may be located from Benjamin Garland's, in Poland, on the west side of Pigeon Hill to the said New Mills or Welchville in Oxford and as in duty bound will ever pray.

The Inhabitants of Poland,
By their special Agent,
DAVID DUNN.

May 31, 1843.

STATE OF MAINE.

CUMBERLAND, ss:

AT the Court of County Commissioners begun and holden at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the First Tuesday of June, A. D. 1843.

ON the foregoing petition, satisfactory evidence having been received, that the Petitioners are responsible and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, That the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford be requested to meet the Commissioners of this County at Bridgham's Tavern in Poland in said County of Cumberland on Wednesday the 20th day of Sept. A. D. 1843, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of thence proceeding to view the route mentioned in said Petition, and other routes and roads connected therewith: immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and their witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudge to be proper.

And it is further ordered, That notice be given to all persons and corporations interested, of the time, place and purposes of said meeting, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this order thereon to be served upon the respective County Attorneys and Chairman of the County Commissioners of said Counties of Cumberland and Oxford, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Poland, Minot, and Oxford, and also by causing attested copies of said petition and this order thereon to be posted up in three public places in each of said towns, and by causing the same to be published in the "Age," being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the "Eastern Argus," a newspaper printed in the County of Cumberland, and in the "Oxford Democrat," a newspaper printed in the County of Oxford.

All of said notices to served, posted up and published, thirty days at least, before the time of said meeting; that all corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard if they see cause.

Attest, CHARLES COBB, Clerk.
Copy of the Petition and Order of Court thereon.
13 Attest, CHARLES COBB, Clerk.

To the County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at their adjourned session to be holden at Paris, within and for said County, on the 20th day of July next, ensuing.

THE undersigned, inhabitants of said County, would respectfully represent that the road leading from New Hampshire line, near Lake Umbagog, to Andover Corner, is hilly and circuitous, and that a different route for a part of the way, would greatly improve the facilities for travelling and much promote the public good, viz: Beginning on the Bear river road, so called, near the house of James Brown, in plantation Letter A., No. 2, or Holmes, and thence eastwardly through a certain notch or passage between the hills—near the house of Aaron Dunn, in Andover North Surplus, to the road—at such point as you shall deem most advisable—making such other alterations between the before mentioned New Hampshire line and Andover Corner, as the public good may demand. They, therefore, pray that you would make the aforesaid location and alterations, and that a portion of the expense may be borne by the County, and the unincorporated places through which said route may pass, be assessed for so much thereof as you may judge just and equitable.

FARNUM ABBOTT, and 87 others.

June 22, 1843.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:—At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the 20th day of July, 1843, by adjournment from the second Tuesday of May, A. D., 1843.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at Lewis Crockett's tavern, in said Andover, on the third day of October next, at ten o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and, immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses by causing attested copies of said Petition, and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerk of said town of Andover, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Andover, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, and in the *Age*, printed at Augusta, being the paper issued by the printer to State, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE. Clerk.
A true copy of said petition and order thereon.
3w14 Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

The Hon. County Commissioners of the County of Oxford:—

THE undersigned subscribers ask leave respectfully to represent; that in their opinion an improvement may be made on the valley road location in the town of Waterford, which will render the same more level and easier for the travel of the public, viz.—Beginning on said location at some point, south easterly of Eber Rice, Esquire's Road and then taking a more westerly course than the location and passing down the valley of a brook until said Brook crosses the present location; or commence on said location on land of Levi H Houghton, thence pursuing a more westerly course and cross Eben'r Jewett's road several rods west of the present location, either of said alterations your petitioners consider would be important improvements; they therefore pray your Hon. board to view said rout, make such alterations and location as you in your wisdom may think the public convenience demands. And as in duty bound will ever pray.

DANIEL WARREN & five others.

Waterford, July 12, 1843.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:—At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the 20th day of July, by adjournment, from the second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1843.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at Levi H. Houghton's house, in said Wateford, on the eighth day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the routes set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of notice thereon to be served on the Clerk of said town of Waterford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Waterford, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.
A true copy of said Petition and order thereon.
3w12 Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Treasurer's Notice,—FRYEBURG.

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident and non-resident proprietors and owners of land, and other real estate, in the town of Fryeburg, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to James Hobbs, Jr., Esq., to collect for the year 1842, by the Assesrs of said town, in the following sums, which remain unpaid, viz:—

RESIDENTS.

Names and discription of property.	*Tax unpaid*
Charles Bean, 21 acres in lot No 39, 1st Amos,	$0 70
David Davidson, buildings and land, being the Lewis farm,	4 23
William Fessenden's homestead farm, balance,	2 87
Seymour C. Hobbs, 23 acres, lot No. 38, 1st div, J. Frye,	1 42
Sarah P. Hill, buildings and land,	3 32
Joab Ingram, barn and lot,	47
John Ingram, buildings and 12 acres upland, and 6 acres intervale attached—balance,	5 42
Jeremiah Jenness, 1 1-4 acre land—19 cts.,	2 30
John Knight, 26 acres intervale, lot No. 32, 90 acres, J. Frye, and 7 acres, sugar place,	8 53
Appleton Knight, buildings and 60 acres upland attached,	9 48
Daniel McNeal, buildings and lot—balance,	1 57
Isaac Osgood, buildings and lot,	72
James Osgood, all the lands taxed to him,	48 50
Nathaniel Parker, buildings, land, and shop,	3 80
Daniel Smith, buildings and 50 acres upland attached,	4 74
Samuel and Caleb Swan, buildings and 130 acres intervale and upland—balance,	6 67
George Sutton, buildings and 40 acres upland attached,	3 04
Amos C. Ward, buildings and 48 acres intervale,	26 63
Reuben Harnden, buildings and 65 acres upland,	4 26
Willian Gordon, in trust, 33 acres 1-2 of 4th div. —lot J. Stevens,	1 60
Heirs of Jeremiah Stickney, homestead farm—balance,	1 62

NON-RESIDENTS.

Names if known,	*Value.*	*Tax.*
	$	$ c
Owner unknown, 40 acres lot No. 27, 2nd div., Moses Day right,	200	1 90
Owner unknown, 35 acres, lot No. 23, 2nd div., part E. Walker right,		
Owner unknown, house and land formerly occupied by J. F. Whitaker,	350	3 32
Reuben Harnden, 35 acres, in a 4th div., E. Walker's right,	300	2 85
H. S. Farrington and C. Pride, 30 acres in lot No. 39, 4th div Moses Day, balance,	300	2 14
A. and S. Andrews, 20 acres in lot No. 25, 2nd div., right of John Farrington,	150	1 42
Owner unknown, 23 acres in lot No. 6, 2nd div., right of B. Russell, east part,	322	3 05
Owner unknown, 30 in lot No. 9, 1st div., A. McMillan right,	300	2 85
Owner unknown, or Ozias Blake, land adjoining a 40 acre lot owned by William H. Osgood, and Gibson's land,	200	1 90
Owner unknown, 10 acres meadow, No. 41, P. Eastman right,	100	95
Owner unknown, house, shop, and land occupied by Wm. Kelley—balance,	1000	3 48
Owner unknown, buildings and 34 acres intervale, and 80 acres of upland, occupied by Isaac Charles,	1100	10 42
Samuel O. Evans, land bought of O. Griswold,	100	95
R. Cram & Co., of Bridgton, land had of J. B. Bradley, bounded by Sweden, Elkins and Sawyer's Brooks, and Kezer pond and lot No. 40, J. Hazeltine and J. Farrington,	2500	23 70
R. Cram & Co., of Bridgton, same land, for a balance due on school-house tax in district No. 14,		2 75

JOSEPHUS CHANDLER,
Treasurer of Fryeburg.
Fryeburg, July 18th, 1843. 3w13

Assignee's Sale.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY virtue of a decree of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine, will be sold at public auction, at the dwelling-house of Jeremiah Hall, in Peru, on Thursday, the thirty-first day of August next, at ten o'clock, A. M., the following real and personal estate, belonging to said Hall's estate, decreed bankrupt February 21, 1843, to wit:—

Said Hall's right in equity to the farm on which he now lives, in said Peru, consisting of fifty acres of land with the buildings thereon, mortgaged to John Marble, of Dixfield, to secure the payment of a note of two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Five pews in the Methodist Meeting House, in said Peru.

Said Hall's right in equity to one horse—two two years old colts—one cow—one waggon—one sleigh and harness, and one shoat—mortgaged to Jefferson Hall to secure the payment of a note of one hundred dollars, given by the said Jeremiah Hall to the said Jefferson Hall

One yoke of two years old steers,—four sheep,—one time-piece.

Three notes of hand against John Conant.

Claim against Jefferson Hall for one half of joint note paid to Freeman Griffeth, signed by the said Jefferson and Jeremiah Hall.

Claim against Jefferson Hall for one half of note of hand against William P Brackett, and one half of note against Seth Brackett, both payable to Jefferson and Jeremiah Hall, and in the hand of the said Jefferson Hall. The said Assignee is authorized to compound debts. Terms cash on delivery.

REUEL WASHBURN, *Assignee.*
July 14th, 1843. 3w13

Assignee's Sale.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

PURSUANT to license from the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine, will be sold at public auction, at the Inn of Col. Samuel Morrill, in Dixfield, on Wednesday, the thirtieth day of August next, at ten o'clock, A. M., the following real and personal estate, belonging to the estate of John M. Eustis, decreed bankrupt February 22nd, A. D., 1843, to wit:—

One third part of a lot of land situated in said Dixfield, being lot numbered five, in the fourth range.

One pew, No. 48, in the Meeting House in Dixfield Village.

One time piece.

Said Eustis' right in equity to one horse and single sleigh, and one gig and harness, mortgaged to Cyprus Eustis, to secure the payment of a note signed by the said John M Eustis and Francis Cushman, for about eighty dollars.

Said John M. Eustis' interest in a suit pending against Phineas Wood, which is refered to Alvan Bolster, Esq., sole referee.

Also, notes of hand against the following persons, to wit: Peter Hopkins, Josiah Dunn, Daniel Weaver, Xerxes Campbell, Charles Hodgman, Joseph Yetten, James R. Mitchell, Dunham Campbell, Joseph Trumbul, John Richardson, Hylon Walker, Winthrop Lovejoy, Apollos Osgood, Isaac Newton. And, the said Assignee is authorized to compound debts. Terms cash on delivery. REUEL WASHBURN, *Assignee.*
July 14th, 1843. 3w13

Assignee's Sale.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY virtue of a decree of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine, will be sold at public auction, at the dwelling-house of Thomas Brackett, in Peru, on Thursday, the thirty-first day of August next, at ten o'clock, A. M., the following real and personal estate, belonging to the estate of said Brackett, decreed bankrupt, February 22nd, 1843, to wit:—

Said Brackett's right in equity to the farm on which he now lives, in said Peru, containing sixty acres of land with the buildings thereon, mortgaged to William Brackett, to secure the performance of the conditions of a certain bond to keep for the said William Brackett two cows and ten sheep, furnish him with a house to live in, and get up his fire wood, during the term of his natural life. Also, mortgaged to John Marble, of Dixfield, to secure the payment of notes amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars. Also, mortgaged to Charles L Eustis to secure the payment of notes amounting to one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Twenty five bushels potatoes. One yoke yearling steers. Terms cash on delivery.

REUEL WASHBURN, *Assignee.*
July 14th, 1843. 3w13

$10,000 REWARD

Will be paid to any Physician who will produce a better Compound for Family use than the

GENUINE DUTCH OR
GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.
STYLED
THE LION OF THE DAY.

☞TO the inhabitants of the United States and the Canadas—The Pills, well called the Lion of the Day, are respectfully recommended to the attention and trial of all those subject to the attacks of *Bilious, Dyspeptic*, and other Chronic diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. These Pills have long been without a successful rival in Germany, and throughout Europe, and many years in various parts of the United States, by the most eminent Physicians, as a Family Medicine.

This Pill is composed of extracts from nine parts of the Vegetable kingdom. They are warranted safe in their operation and effects. They are simple in their preparation, mild in their effects, and unrivalled in their results. They have long received the most flattering recommendation from the Medical Faculty; such men as Dr. Mott, and Dr Guernsey, of N. York; Dr Delamater, De Hossack, and Dr Laudon, of Dutchess county; and Hon. B. Peck, M. D., of Glen Falls—these men have long stood at the head of their profession.

Again: gastic irritation debilitates the digestive organs and becomes a fruitful source of diseases: in some people *Dyspepsia*, in others, *Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Hypochondria, Asthma, Gout, Piles, Epilepsy, Low Spirits, Chronic Diarrhœa, Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Eruption of the Skin, Salt Rheum, St. Anthony's Fire, Yellow and Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Heartburn, Costiveness, Female Weakness, Jaundice, Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Humors, and all Bilious complaints.* These different complaints are each, one and about the same, followed by a train of others, equally as detrimental, and perhaps fatal to human life. Like bad legislation, one bad law must be supported by others equally as injurious to the prosperity of the State. A perfectly healthy body is like a well tuned instrument, every string of which vibrates in unison, and the least injury to any one throws it into disorder.

These Pills are not intended as a thorough purgative, as some will have it; they are intended to strengthen the system that has run down, and regulate the whole human structure, and remove all obstruction and assist nature in its violated laws.

For sale in almost every town in the United States and the Canadas. Price 25 cts. Directions on each box.

Be sure when you purchase that you get the Lion of the Day, having the written name of Merritt Griffin on each box.

For full particulars, see small circulars deposited with each agent below mentioned.

AGENTS IN OXFORD COUNTY.

South Waterford, A. Houghton.
Lovell, Weeks & Kimball, and J. Walker.
Fryeburg, H. C. Boswell.
Brownfield, N. C. Rice.
Hiram, S. Flye.
Woodstock, J. Bucknell.
North Paris, Houghton & Bisbee.
South Paris, O. H. Paine.
Norway, W. E. Goodnow.
Oxford, Wm. F. Welch.
Canton Point, J. Heaney.
Canton Mills, A. Barrows.
Dixfield, C. L. Eustis.
Mexico, J. M. Dolloff.
East Rumford, A. Bolster.
Rumford, A. K. Knapp. O. C. Bolster.
East Bethel, E. M. Carter, & Co.
Hartford, W. Hall.
Jacksonville, C. Howe.
Porter, E. Blove, Jr.
Sweden, B. Nevers.
And for sale in this place by Hubbard & Marble.
1y20 C. C. CORLISS, Travelling Agent.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, CONSUMPTION, WHOOPING COUGH, and all Pulmonary Affections and Diseases of the Lungs, this is believed to be the most efficacious Medicine ever known in America, for proof of which we would refer to those who have used it, and to the numerous certificates of Physicians and others attached to the inside wrapper of each bottle.

Dr. Amory Hunting of Franklin, Mass. writes that after having prescribed the usual remedies without relief, and having consulted with several eminent physicians, he has found the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam to have had the desired effect, and recommended it as a safe, convenient and efficacious remedy.

Dr. Thomas Brown, of Concord, N. H., writes that to his knowledge, it has never disappointed the reasonable expectations of those who have used it.

The public are particularly cautioned against the many *Counterfeits or Imitations* which have partially or wholly assumed the name of the genuine article.

☞Be assured that it is not genuine unless one or both of the written signatures of SAMPSON REED or WM. JON'N CUTLER, are found attached to a yellow label on a blue envelope. (All labels of and after the date of Dec. 1839, will have the written signature of Wm. Jon'n Cutler.) Prepared by REED, WING & CUTLER, (late Low & Reed,) wholesale Druggists, 54 Chatham Street, Boston; and sold by Druggists, Apothecaries and country merchants generally.

Price 50 cents.
PARIS, THOMAS CROCKER, Agent. ep1y19

DR. J. D. BUZZELL'S
CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES,
CONSISTING OF

Vegetable Billious Bitters,
Vegetable Billious Pills,
Jaundice Mixture,
Hermorrhoidal, or Pile Powders,
Compound Strengthening Plaster,
Ointment for the cure of Cautaneous Eruptions, and Cough Mixture.

THESE Medicines are purely Vegetable, and extensively used in various parts of the United States, the British Provinces and the West Indies.

They are particularly intended for the removal of Chronic diseases, such as habitual or periodical head ache, Catarrh, Consumption of the lungs—various affections of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, urinary vessels, glands, &c. Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, and some of the preparations, viz: the Billious Bitters, Pills, Jaundice Mixture, and anti-acid preparations—when generally used will operate by opening obstructions, removing all morbid and offensive matter from the stomach and bowels, which he has reason to think is always their effect in all cases within the control of medicine. They operate as preventives in various Epidemical diseases, such as Intermittent, Inflammatory, Billious and common Typus fevers, Inflamations of the Lungs, Bowels, Pleura, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhea, &c. Also, as preventives to some contagious diseases, such as the Yellow, Scarlet and Putrid fevers, and although there are some contagious diseases which they are not capable, such as small pox, measles, hooping cough, &c., yet he, from many years experience, has become confident, that all who contract any of those diseases, while under the influence of these medicines, taken in such doses as to keep up and maintain a healthy action in the secretary and excretory vessels of the digestive organs, are but slightly effected, and are easily managed, whereas, on the contrary, doubtless in many cases, they would prove not only distressing, but uncontrolable and dangerous.

For a more full and particular description of disease, and the medicine to be applied, I beg leave to refer you to my circular or pamphlet form, which may be found wherever the medicines are for sale, and to the remarks accompanying them.

Agents—Oxford County.

HUBBARD & MARBLE, Paris Hill; A. Briggs, North Paris; J. Crockett, Norway Village; J. Wilson, Oxford;—Wm. Walker, Peru; Brock & Co., C. P. Bridgham, Buckfield; Wm. B. Bray, S. B. Holt, N. Turner; J. M. Deshon, Canton; J. Bucknell, Woodstock; Bretton & Washburn, Livermore; J. H. Wardwell, J. Graham, Pumford; C. S. Chase, Dixfield; J. M. Dolloff, Mexico; L. S. Bumpus, Hebron; J. Parsons, C. H. Crafts, Minot; C. S. Packard, Auburn, C. Howe, Sumner.—[April 11, 1843. epoy49

To the Hon. County Commissioners within and for the County of Oxford, to be holden at Paris within said County, on the second Tuesday of May, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three.

THE undersigned, citizens of Rumford and the adjoining towns, would respectfully make known to the Hon. Court that the public convenience requires an alteration in the county road leading from said Rumford to Paris, said alteration to commence at Concord River Bridge, near Samuel Barker's in said Rumford, thence on said road to the foot of the hill near the Milton Plantation, thence on the westerly side of said hill until it shall again strike the said County [road] near Joseph Row's buildings in said Plantation. Wherefore they pray that your Honors would proceed to view said route and locate a road through such part of said route as your Honor's shall think expedient. And as in duty bound will ever pray.

SAMUEL BARKER & 69 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for said county of Oxford on the 20th day of July, 1843, by adjournment from second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1843.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Samuel Barker in said Rumford on the second day of September next, at 10 o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the clerks of said town of Rumford and Milton Plantation, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Rumford and Milton Plantation, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest. J. G COLE, Clerk.
A true copy of said petition and order thereon.
13 Attest, J. G. COLE, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

PURSUANT to a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the twenty sixth day of August next at two o'clock, P. M. at the store of John Blake & Son, in Turner Village, so much of the real estate of Daniel B. Blake, late of Turner in said county, deceased, as will produce the sum of one hundred and seventeen dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of Administration, and incidental charges. Said estate consists of the westerly part of Lot numbered 118 in said town, being a part of of the homestead of said deceased.

For further particulars enquire of the subscriber.
12 CALEB BLAKE, Administrator.

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a Note of hand purporting to have been signed by the subscriber bearing date —— A. D 1825, given for the sum of $15, payable to Jonathan P. Ames or order, as I have received no consideration therefor.

SIMEON BROWN.
Hartford, July 24th, 1843.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public vendue, on Saturday, the second day of September next, at four o'clock, P. M., at the office of Peter C. Virgin, in Rumford, in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which Daniel Hunkson has in and to a certain lot of land in Rumford, in said County, being lot numbered twenty-one, in the third division of lots in said Rumford, mortgaged to Timothy Walker, July 3d, 1840, for the sum of one hundred twenty-six dollars and twenty-four cents,—the same having been attached on the original writ.

CHARLES A. KIMBALL, Dep'ty Sh'ff.
July 13, 1843. 3w12

Notice of Foreclosure.

THE subscriber being Assignee of a mortgage dated and given the fourth day of April, A. D., 1840, by Samuel J. Durell to David Jordan, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of deeds, book 56, page 405, of the following described property, hereby gives notice that the condition of said mortgage have been broken, by reason whereof a foreclosure is claimed, viz: A parcel of land situated at South Paris, and the same that said Durell now owns, being the same that was deeded to him by David Jordan; and, for a more particular description of said land, reference to said deed may be had.

JOSIAH J. KNIGHT.
Paris, July 19, 1843. 3w12

Commissioner's Notice.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate, &c., within and for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of Willard Kelsey, late of Livermore, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice that a further time of two months from the date hereof are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we shall attend to that service at the office of R. Washburn, in Livermore, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of August next, at ten o'clock, A. M.

REUEL WASHBURN, } Com'rs.
ASA KIMBALL. }
Livermore, June 27th, 1843. 3w12

Tailoring.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of South Paris, that he has taken the stand formerly occupied by T. LITTLEFIELD, where he will carry on the *Tailoring business*. Those who may favor him with their patronage, may rely on having their work done in a neat and workman-like manner and on reasonable terms. All garments made by him are warranted to fit. The subscriber hopes by his experience and constant attention to his business, to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B. Cutting done at the shortest notice.
WM. HEATH.
South Paris, April 16th, 1843. tf2

GRAVE STONES.

THE subscriber keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of WHITE MARBLE and SLATE GRAVE STONES, which he offers for sale as cheap as they can be bought in this State.

Persons wanting Grave Stones are invited to call at my shop before purchasing elsewhere.

CYRUS THOMPSON, Jr.
Hartford, June 13, 1843. eoply7

SAMUEL F. MARBLE,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
FOR THE COUNTIES OF
CUMBERLAND & OXFORD,
POLAND, ME.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,
Deputy Sheriff,
PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

☞All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to
Feb. 14. 1842. 41

Wanted,---Immediately,

IN payment for the DEMOCRAT, a quantity of good FLEECE WOOL, for which a fair price will be paid.—June, 1843. is tf

WILLIAM K. KIMBALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CANTON VILLAGE, Me.